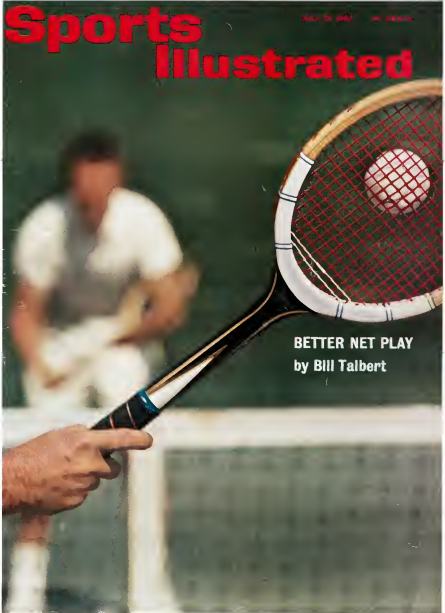


THE UNIVERSAL APPEAL OF TENNIS

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 1984 \$4.00



BETTER NET PLAY
by Bill Talbert



BUDGET, SCHMUDGET!

BUDGETS HAVE A BAD REPUTATION TODAY, for there is hardly anything that so many people have tried and so few mastered.

One problem is the word itself. "Budget" brings to mind penny-pinching and belt-tightening. Smart money management is not that at all. It is an over-all financial plan... one that includes all your dollars.

THE PITFALLS OF PLANNING

The biggest single problem with financial planning is believing you can do it. One answer is to know in advance the problems that may come

up—and be prepared for them. Some typical pitfalls:

- Trying to figure out to the last penny exactly where all your family's money should go.
- Planning too far ahead, especially when small sums are involved.
- Trying to fit the habits of everyone in your family into a rigid new pattern.

There's no mumbo-jumbo involved in getting a financial plan under way. It is simply a matter of deciding that you will control your money instead of letting it control you.

Three simple steps are involved: 1) A family should earn all it can; 2) save the first part, 3) control the spending of the rest.

Where can you get help in getting started? Get in touch with a Connecticut General agent or broker. He is specially trained in a new money management technique called 25/75... a plan for all your dollars... a plan that provides *immediate* financial advantages. He can help you start today to meet tomorrow's goals — without cutting back. Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.



only the half of it

The bloodlines stretch back to the beginning of fast motoring.

But the proud medallion on this MG Sports Sedan is only half the story: MG reaches ahead, too - with a design that must surely govern the shape of things to come in other breeds.

Consider the wholly new and revolutionary MG "hydraulic" (i.e. liquid) suspension system. No springs. No shocks. No torsion bars. Instead, permanently sealed-in fluid telegraphs information about the road ahead to the rear wheels, helps your MG Sports Sedan actually anticipate bumps. This suspension is so simple and rugged,

it holds up for literally hundreds of thousands of miles and provides less tire wear, better braking and effortless handling.

Consider, too, the lion-hearted MG engine. It is transverse-mounted so you enjoy 20% more passenger space. It is front-mounted, along with the transmission, so the weight is over the driving wheels. The MG Sports Sedan is a marvel on snowy or icy roads. As one owner put it, "Road conditions don't seem to affect this car, it just goes where you point it."

The whole picture, not just half of it, is yours for \$1899*. Where else can you have the best of both worlds.



*As supplied. See dealer for full P.D.C. information. Excludes taxes, license, title, insurance, optional items, freight and destination. Excludes any 1 year introductory 100000 mile powertrain warranty. Dealer not selling MG's in New York State. Dealer must have MG dealer license. MG is a registered trademark.

Contents

JULY 13, 1964 Volume 21, No. 2

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

12 Baltimore's Two Flags

As the city celebrates The Star-Spangled Banner's anniversary, the Orioles bid boldly for the pennant

16 First Big Hurdle to Tokyo

Seventeen men won places on the U.S. Olympic team at the trials in New York

20 Still Too Tender to Be a Tiger

Floyd Patterson tried to prove himself again, but all he proved was that he doesn't really want to fight

22 The Outcasts Are Counted In

As the Davis Cup nears, Australia may lift its ban on Roy Emerson, Wimbledon champ, and Fred Stolle, former-esp

Salute to Tennis

26 *A tribute to a game that is played throughout the world by people of all ages*

28 *A lesson in net play—the roller, overhead and tactics —by former doubles champion Bill Talbert*

34 *A nostalgic look at the indoor courts of the old Long Island estates, in color by Artist Paul Davis*

40 *A record of the problems encountered by one man when he built his own tennis court, by E. J. Kahn Jr.*

56 *A profile of Gordon Mulloy, 50-year-old tournament player who can still beat most people, by Gilbert Rogers*

The departments

- | | |
|-------------|--------------------|
| 6 Scorecard | 54 Bridge |
| 46 People | 65 Baseball's Week |
| 48 Baseball | 66 For the Record |
| 52 Boating | 68 19th Hole |



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As knowledge points on page 66

Next week

THE CIA OF BASEBALL is a group of spies who can spot the type of pitch about to be thrown, and up off the batter. An expert at it himself, Bob Turley tells how the spies work.

GREAT DAYS OF SAIL are relived in words by Alan Villiers and photographs by Richard Mink as the square-rigged school ships of 13 nations rendezvous in New York Harbor.

A HALFBACK named Shirley is the star of a zany new movie. Dan Jenkins tells how Hollywood uses old gashers, harem girls, a 1-2 plot—and Maz-Lurie—to beat No. Dame.

1

Standard equipment for catching badmen out west.



When state law enforcement officers out west take off after some law-breaking, peace-busting, speed-loving critter, things can get plenty hot. Especially their tires. That's why most of them high-tail after that critter on nylon cord tires. Nylon runs cooler than any other tire cord. It's a must for high-speed driving.

More and more law enforcement officials are riding on nylon. (Out west and in every other part of the country.)

And sooner or later they get their man.

Mostly sooner.

Nothing but nylon makes you feel so safe.



SCORECARD

THE CONTINENTAL CADDIE

Perry Como, Jimmy Brown, Alvin Dark and other tolerably well-known amateurs got together for golf in Pittsburgh's Ham-Am tourney. ("Am" stands for amateur, "Ham" is self-explanatory.) But aims, not names, were the news. Ham-Am proceeds will enable the Western Pennsylvania Golf Association to greatly expand its caddie scholarship program, which already has provided 122 scholarships over 22 years. Better yet, the Ham-Am solicitude for caddies is contagious. While arranging a golf tour to Puerto Rico for member clubs, West Penn Secretary Jim Potts convinced Hilton Hotels International not only to contribute \$5,000 to the scholarship fund but to aid in a caddie exchange program. Pan American World Airways then volunteered free transportation to Puerto Rico. (The airline wanted to call the arrangement Ham-Am Pan-Am, a suggestion the Pennsylvanians rejected as commercial and unpronounceable.) As a result, two Pittsburgh boys have just returned from a week of caddying and sightseeing in Puerto Rico, bringing back with them two island boys who will caddie and visit steel mills in Pittsburgh. Now the Ham-Am folks expect to expand the exchange, adding Hawaii and Japan next year. "We hope," says Potts, "to get two of those Japanese girl caddies here."

STATUE OF SECURITY PLAY

Among the hazards of football coaching is the problem of how to get from the bottom to the top without really going broke. To make it, a young assistant must switch schools on the way up—the average head coach finally arrives after four moves. But the system, with its attendant shortage of security, is hardly one to inspire badly needed young blood, and this season the American Football Coaches Association will come up with a program to solve it, a sort of retirement insurance end-run. "With each move," says Arkansas' Coach Frank Broyles, architect of the plan and one who made his way to the

top in four moves, "the young coach has to drop and lose the benefits of each school's retirement plan. On about his fourth move—when he is 45—he's in trouble." Under the association program, member coaches now may pay into their own company and carry the policy along from school to school. It would mature at 55, pay up to \$908 per month at 65. That problem solved, AFCA Trustee Broyles' next project is for the old blood: uniform contracts for head coaches. And, finally, there's that little old hazard of winning the game every Saturday. No solution in sight there.

THEY CALLED HIM FIREBALL

He got the nickname as a stellar baseball pitcher, but "Fireball" always seemed just the right tag for Edward Glenn Roberts in his role as a stock-car driver, one of the country's boldest and best. He won more major races than any other man on the circuit, earned about \$500,000 in 15 years at it and was a Southland legend. Roberts' career was punctuated with crashes, but he always came through. For weeks after he cracked up May 24 at the Charlotte Motor Speedway it seemed he would make it again, despite severe burns over much of his body. Then pneumonia and other complications snuffed out his life last week.

The Roberts tragedy comes in a season unusually beset by fire and death. The first fatality came in January, and the Memorial Day pileup at Indianapolis took two more lives. Several other drivers have escaped death although badly burned. The sport is caught in new controversy over all this, but the searching appraisals are certain to bring safety improvements. Redesigned fuel tanks are a possibility, and at last week's Fourth of July race at Daytona one sponsor experimented with cockpit equipment designed to spray the driver with fire-retardant chemical in a crack-up. In spite of such activities, racing and risk will always run parallel. The drivers know this. Safety margins can and should be improved, but it is an honorable calling for those who

choose to accept racing's hazards along with its high rewards.

As a racing man, Roberts was proud of his sport and quick to point out its progress. In a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* article earlier this year he faced the prospect of death with a fine matter-of-factness. Roberts said then: "If I were to generalize, I'd say we all know we could be killed tomorrow and we live hard." Fireball Roberts lived to be 33.

THE INVISIBLE UMPIRE

Let some baseball innocent ask a scientist a question and you've got trouble every time. "Can you really measure how far Sandy Koufax's curve breaks?" someone asked Dr. R. A. Gudmundsen. Sued he: "I can do better than that. I can engineer a system that accurately calls balls and strikes," and, oh boy, here we go again.

Frighteningly, Dr. Gudmundsen sounds like a man who could really do it, though he stresses he is theorizing and does not intend to redesign baseball or eliminate umpires. But remember that's just the sort of thing the scientist said in that old movie—and the next thing you knew there was this monster clopping around searing all the Transylvanians. Dr. Gudmundsen is with the



Research-Engineering-Reliability staff of North American Aviation's Autometrics Division in Anaheim, Calif., and that sounds scary enough for any baseball devotee.

Autometrics, as everyone should know, means electronics, and the hottest thing in that field today is LASER (Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission

continued



the fastest...



and the slowest short-range jet

Both ends of the air-speed indicator help the Boeing 727 bring you new convenience in air travel.

Speed? The 727 gets you where you're going, fast. It cruises at the same speeds as the bigger Boeing 707s and 720s.

Yet the 727 can fly at surprisingly slow approach and landing speeds. Its short landing runs and quick takeoffs

mean it can operate with ease from short runways. The 727 can thus serve hundreds of cities now bypassed by the big jets.

If you have not yet flown aboard a 727, look forward to a thrilling experience. You'll be amazed by the 727's powerful acceleration, its swift, silent climb and serenely smooth ride. You'll find the cabin unbelievably

quiet. At 600 miles an hour the only sound is the rush of air outside.

Fly aboard the 727 soon. It's in service with All Nippon, American, Eastern, Lufthansa, TWA and United. It enters service later with Ansett-ANA, BWIA, JAL, National, Northwest, South African and TAA (Australia).

BOEING 727

Are you tired of being the first in your foursome (to play your second shot)?

Then get the Black Dot.

Designed in the proud tradition of Spalding's Distance Dot, it's the quickest way to get maximum distance between you and your shot. Hit it. Hear its clean, sharp click. It even sounds like distance. And it should. From its high-energy center to its lively white cover, the Black Dot unleashes all the distance you deserve. Play it. You have nothing to lose but your bogeys.

Sold through golf professional shops only.



SPALDING
CHIOPEE, MASS.

SCORECARD *continued*

Radiation) beams. Dr. Gudmundsen's concept, he says, would use low-power, infrared LASERs. They would send out fan-shaped beams, spot the ball in flight and flash the reports to the scoreboard. Nearby, color-filtered television cameras would adjust the LASER beams to player heights and stances by reflection from shoulder and knee patches on uniforms. A vertical LASER beam—say, coming up from home plate itself—might be used to complete the system.

And what of the umpire in this plan? Dr. Gudmundsen maintains he still would have plenty to do. Like stepping up to the plate with the whisk broom and brushing it off to let the little light shine through.

BREAKS OF THE GAME

A San Francisco housewife, Mrs. Alice Sobel, rushed her young daughter to the hospital with a broken arm. In the emergency ward a nurse asked, "Skateboard?" Mrs. Sobel was surprised. "How did you know?" "Oh," said the nurse, "we're getting them by the dozens."

Skateboards are the latest rage, largely on the West Coast, home of fads. They are from 16 to 30 inches long with roller-skate wheels mounted on both ends. To ride one is to surf on a city street. There is no thrill quite like dodging cars, especially in hilly San Francisco. In Los Angeles one youthful "boarder" allowed, "If you don't learn how, you crash and burn. The unofficial world's record is 42 miles an hour down Sunset Boulevard."

As in the hula hoop craze of some happy years ago, manufacturers are moving in fast, rolling out boards by the thousands at up to \$20 each. Many makers are months behind on orders. But some adults think the craze cannot go fast enough.

In Burbank the city council has so many reports of fractures and injuries it has considered making the skateboards illegal. And last week one more police chief investigated new casualties amidst a rash of complaints from citizens. He instructed his patrolmen to stop all skateboarding on public property. That incident? In Albuquerque. The trail of broken bones is stretching east.

THE GOURMET REACHCONDER

A couple of years ago in *Snafking the Wild Asparagus* (SI, October 22, 1962), Euell Gibbons took his readers afieid



Take a *pop top* holiday

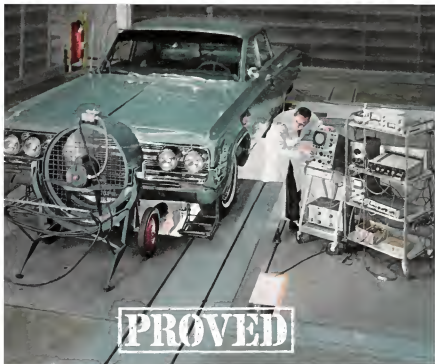
(get the Schlitz...forget the opener)

A Pop Top Holiday is anywhere you take the Schlitz. Schlitz Pop Top bottles. Schlitz Pop Top cans. They open with just your bare hands.

A Pop Top Holiday starts wherever you buy the Schlitz. So what are you waiting for? There's no time like now for

real gusto—real easy!





AN OLDSMOBILE JETSTAR 88 RIDES THE DYNAMOMETER

ALL AROUND THE CLOCK ALL AROUND THE CALENDAR ALL AROUND THE COUNTRY ALL AROUND THE CAR

An Oldsmobile Jetstar 88 clips up a hill on our 4,011-acre Proving Ground in Milford, Michigan—on a "road inside the laboratory." The "road" is a chassis dynamometer, with shafts that are treated with 96 inches of glass fiber to absorb 10% of the sound. With a car positioned on it, it can re-create the speed, the load—practically all of the conditions of the open road.

Our engineers use this uncommon combination of room and machine to examine, evaluate, and eliminate car noises that shouldn't be there. Scientifically. Precisely. Under exacting conditions. It's one of the reasons why today's GM cars ride so

smoothly and quietly, even though hundreds of moving parts are working fast and furiously inside.

It's also part of what we mean when we say our cars are "proved all around"—tested this way and that way to know how every part will work for you. In Michigan, at Pike's Peak, in the Arizona desert, on streets and highways coast to coast, we test our cars the long way, the hard way, the right way. On the world's truest proving grounds. Which is why a GM car is so likely to be worth more when you buy it, as you drive it, when you trade it in.

GENERAL MOTORS CARS ARE PROVED ALL AROUND

ON THE WORLD'S TIGHTEST PROVING GROUNDS

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • WITH BODY BY FISHER

and showed them how many edible—not to say delicious, items of food are to be had for the plucking in woods and fields, and even in the vacant lots of cities. These are so varied and so easily attainable that Gibbons likes to throw "wild parties" at which all foods on the table and even the wines are, in fact, wild.

Now he has performed a similar service for those who live or vacation at the seashore. Stinking the Blue-Cryst Snuffin' (McKay, \$5.95) covers all coastal areas of the U.S. from Maine to Alaska. Excellent line drawings by Catherine R. Hammond make it easy to identify sea and shore creatures like the Magdalen-Chiton and the owl limpet. And Gibbons, a gourmet who used to be a beach-comber, also supplies excellent recipes. Lovers of the clam, the oyster and the scallop are introduced to the delights of whelks and periwinkles. Edible seaside plants are described, as are methods of preparing "a beautiful green salad" from glasswort, a shore and marsh plant, or boiled vegetables from such as the sea blite and the goosetongue.

You could do worse than to carry this book with you along the shore this summer. One never knows when a goosetongue might show up.

WESTERN LORE

Their on-the-job training program will cost about \$13,175, according to this company in New Mexico. But when it is completed the employees involved should really understand the work. They are, reported Groves Archery Corp. spokesmen, teaching 13 Indians how to make bows and arrows.

LITTLE MEN—AND WOMEN

Robert Williams, 12, overcame a paralyzing nerve disorder to become one of the fastest pitchers in a Galveston Texas junior league this year. In the opinion of some parents in the league he overcame the disorder too well and became too fast. During a recent game, a number of parents threatened to withdraw their sons from the league if he were allowed to continue pitching. In fact, they circulated and signed a petition to that effect. One mother screamed "killer" at Williams from the stands, and another promised to "get him" if her son did not.

Young Williams, who had pitched only four innings and who had never hit a batter, was sent to shortstop. (The Giants might try this device on the Dodge-

ers. "Here, Koufax, grab this glove and let's see what you can do at short.") The boy then proceeded to hit two triples and a grand-slam home run and to steal home, accounting for most of an 11-1 victory. He was then threatened again and had a baseball thrown at him. His father decided it was time to quit the league.

At last report the entire league had suspended operations, three officials connected with the petition were gone and a public apology to Williams had been issued by the league's sponsor—the Galveston Evening Optimist Club.

LANCENY, LTD.

Both were larcenous long shots, but the Dagenham dog track betting coup beats England's Great Train Robbery of last summer for sheer engineered sneakiness. And if the bookies had not got together and refused to pay the plotters, the profit to the gang that rigged the odds at Dagenham would have come to about \$28 million, considerably more than the train bandits got for working harder.

The gang of bettors struck last week at Dagenham Greyhound Stadium near London. About 100 of them manned the 31 tote windows, stalling and strong-arming customers away while they made forecast bets on dogs they did not expect to win, thus running up the odds on the favorites. Simultaneously, more confederates in London bet similarly with bookmakers, and tied up all telephone lines to the track so bookies could not lay off the bets and reduce the odds. Result: The tote payoff coupling the first and second dogs was at 9,872 to 1 odds, and the gang stood to clean up. Then the bookies struck back.

The public was deprived of its chance to bet, they ruled, therefore they were declaring the race void. It could never happen here. Because our tracks are more vigilant than their tracks? No. We could never rally that many crooks to agree on which dogs they liked.

THEY SAID IT

- Hal Lanier, young and respectful Giant second baseman, asked what he would do if, while going back for a pop fly, Willie Mays should call him off. "I'd say, 'Yes, sir'."
- Dr. Fred Hovde, president of Purdue University, one of two Big Ten schools never to have played in the Rose Bowl. "All the other presidents in the conference have told me what a king-sized headache the Rose Bowl game is. But I'd like to find out firsthand."

END

A Clear Case of "Gobble and Git"

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
Senior Proprietor

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



One of our Kentucky countrymen, visiting in Washington, was invited by his Congressman to attend one of those frequent (and often frenzied) cocktail parties which seem so much a part of the national scene.

Our man was accustomed to the leisurely type of Kentucky hospitality where the enjoyment of food, drink and quiet conversation occupy the greater share of a sociable evening.

Back home he recalled his experience. "We were out in ten minutes," he reported. "It was gizz-gobble-guzzle-gobble, git."

Never a guest at such an event, I have no way of knowing how much good made-in-America Bourbon is "guzzled" at official Washington parties.

A sizeable share I would assume, judging from our administrators' sworn endeavor to encourage American industry, staunch the outward flow of gold, job unemployment and contain foreign competition.

At such functions, with foreign emissaries present—English, Scotch, Canadian, Russian, etc.—it is no more than international courtesy to provide their native potables. But Americans, for the most part I would hope, might take patriotic pride in drinking strictly American.

Outside of Washington, American professional and businessmen, many facing serious problems of foreign competition, gather by the thousands in conferences, conventions, etc.

The friendly glass in Hospitality Suites and at the prebanquet Cocktail Hour is the order of the evening.

Here again, the company executive responsible for arrangements may "strike a blow for Freedom" by specifying that his guests be given full opportunity to enjoy the one whiskey indigenous to our American soil.

And because our hand-made Bourbon is the acknowledged favorite among so many top-notch business and professional people, his wisest and safest choice might well be full-flavored Old Fitzgerald.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Bottled-in-Bond 100 Proof

BALTIMORE'S TWO FLAGS

The traditional but shaky premise is that the teams leading the major leagues on the Fourth of July will win the pennants. But the fact is, of course, that unless the Yankees are on top of the American League on Independence Day, this bit of folklore is as undependable a portent as a groundhog's behavior on February 2. This year, however, it was fitting that the Baltimore Orioles should be leading on the glorious Fourth. For though the Orioles may not yet have proved themselves good enough to win, they are easily the most patriotic team around.

The Orioles wear their chauvinism literally on their sleeves—neat little patches that say: "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER SESQUICENTENNIAL 1814-1964." Not only is the national anthem played before games, but so too this year is *Maryland, My Maryland*. It is played, by coincidence perhaps, precisely as the umpires move from the dugout with the visiting manager, and presumably the officials do not know that the first line of the song, the downbeat which rings out just as they step onto the field, goes: "The despot's heel is on thy shore, Maryland!"

Reaction to this patriotic exhortation

is as good an explanation as any for the remarkable success of the Orioles this season. They have, for example, won 19 of 21 one-run games, which puts them only two games behind Frank Merrwell and James Bond in the all-important *miracle* column. The Orioles have won 15 games from the eighth inning on, and on 12 occasions they have won in their last time at bat. This got to be too much for Manager Hank Bauer, whose cigarette consumption climbed to four packs a day until he finally gave them up at 7 p.m. E.D.T., June 27.

Consistency is a good sign of the true-

Cherishing a ball by Minnesota's Jerry Arigo (below) is Baltimore favorite Brooks Robinson, the team's best fielder and hitter. Powerful Boog.



As the city honors 'The Star-Spangled Banner's 100th year, the Orioles are making a strong bid for the pennant

by **FRANK DEFORD**

blue contender, and Baltimore has had just one losing week in the last eight. Last week the Orioles won only three of six games, but stayed three games in front of the Yankees and Chicago. They meet the Yankees next week for three games in New York. "We know we have to beat the Yankees ourselves," says Brooks Robinson, the All-Star third baseman. "I want a two-team race—just the Yankees and us. If they beat us, we'll know they were better. But that's the way I like it best: the two of us knocking heads." So far, Baltimore is ahead in this year's head-knocking, 5-3.

continued

Powell (right) leads in home run with 21.



Baltimore's record is somewhat mystifying. Pitching was supposed to be its strong point, but no Oriole had won eight games until Wally Bunker beat the A's 4-0 Friday night with a one-hitter. That made Wally Bunker the only 19-year-old ace extant. Bunker has a personal patriotic edge, however. Baltimore Mayor Theodore McKeldin having scattered dirt from Bunker Hill over the Memorial Stadium mound a few weeks ago. The team has only one power threat, 22-year-old Boog Powell. Robinson—the team's biggest star and best hitter—is better known for his fielding.

But Baltimore has turned up a hero a week and shown surprising reserve strength. Bob Johnson filled in for Shortstop Luis Aparicio with a .306 average. Powell, the big blond slugger, and rookie Right Fielder Sam Bowie were both sidelined for a while, and Russ Snyder has been out almost all season with a broken ankle. Bauer has juggled his outfield reserves well. He has, for example, obtained the best performance ever from Jackie Brandt, the uninhibited center fielder, by leaving him alone.

The Orioles' greatest depth is in the bullpen. The team's top three relievers—

Stu Miller, Dick Hall and Harvey Haddix—ran their record to 20 saves, plus an 11-4 won-lost mark and an untold number of "scares." A scare, according to the bullpen, is awarded when one of its members frightens opponents so badly by warming up that the batters gladly succumb to the pitcher already in the game. Three scares equal a save.

The defense, inspired by Robinson, remains extremely consistent. Robinson is averaging about one great play every series. Routinely, last week, this superb third baseman picked up a hunt while running at full speed toward the plate and got the runner behind him at second. He subsequently took part in a rare pitcher-to-third-to-first hunt double play. Robinson has Baltimore fans so conditioned to his excellence that in a game with Minnesota he was given credit for a catch actually made by Shortstop Bob Johnson as the two raced back, side by side, for a pop fly. (Ex-Oriole Manager Paul Richards has said, "When it comes to a pop fly, what Brooks is is a center fielder playing third base.")

Baltimore has the look of a winner now, which was hardly the case during the last two seasons. It was not an easy

team to handle, though Manager Billy Hitchcock tried valiantly, liberally apportioning fines and heart-to-heart talks in almost equal measure. When ex-Yankee and ex-Marine Hank Bauer took over his reputation for toughness fooled many into believing he would really make the brash young Orioles jump through hoops. He has done exactly the opposite, limiting his discipline, mostly, to just writing names on the lineup card, and the players have responded happily to this remarkable treatment. Still, no one expected this much success. Bauer himself stunned Oriole partisans during the normally optimistic days of spring training by saying his team probably would finish third, and not until three weeks ago did the city begin to appreciate what was happening. Since then, the Orioles have averaged 21,400 a game at home.

Baltimore's sudden romance with the whole team has done nothing to diminish its singular affection for Robinson. In a city with a heritage of hating the Baltimore citizenry provoked the first bloodshed of the Civil War by jeering Federal troops who were just passing through and, on occasion, has even hooded Johnny Unitas—Robinson has never been heckled. "Anyone who might be tempted to boo him would be too scared to," Club President Lee MacPhail says.

Robinson's warm personality wins him as much respect as his competitiveness and courage. He does nothing for effect. Bill Tanton, columnist for the *Evening Sun*, recalls the time he was on hand when Brooks went on a bowling party with some multiple sclerosis patients. "I've seen athletes in such situations before," Tanton says, "and the atmosphere is usually strained or even maudlin. But this time, everyone was at ease. You could tell Brooks was genuinely enjoying himself and, of course, they all adored him. He kidded them, and they kidded him right back—especially about his getting bald."

Brooks and Connie Robinson met when he had more hair and she was a stewardess on an Oriole flight from Kansas City to Boston. Typically shy, he did not ask her for a date until prodded by teammates and, later, found the courage to propose by suggesting that a trip he had to make to Nevada would be nice for a honeymoon. Now they have three small sons.

A surprisingly lenient manager, Hank Bauer watches action with Orino, Siebert and Roberts.



Connie Robinson is constantly amazed by her husband's even temper. He walked into the house one day last week after Minnesota had beaten the Orioles and Brooks had gone hitless for the second straight time, but he hardly mentioned the game. Instead, he and Connie talked about the shade of blue they had chosen for the living room of the new home they are building in suburban Lutherville.

Besides this new ranch house, Robinson is also part owner of the Gorsuch House—a restaurant that draws a good percentage of every Oriole crowd—and Brooks Robinson's Sporting Goods Store. He lets his associates run both enterprises, refusing to worry about them himself. His serenity is so complete that a radio commercial he does for the Central Savings Bank is a parody of the real Brooks Robinson.

Announcer: Tell me, Brooks, anything ever get you mad?

Brooks: No, not me. You can't lose your temper and play in this game. No, I never get mad.

Announcer: How about when you come out to bat in the ninth inning, with the bases loaded, and then strike out?

Brooks: Well, you can't hit every time. No, that doesn't make me mad.

Announcer: How about when you play back for a power hitter like Roger Maris, and he lays down a bunt you can't handle?

Brooks: Well, that's the way the ball bounces. No, that doesn't make me mad.

Announcer: Well, how about if you buy a home and then find out you could have gotten a better rate on your mortgage loan with no appraisal fee and no prepayment penalties?

Brooks: Oooh, that makes me mad!

Robinson's looseness seems to help him snap back quickly after injuries. Although he has suffered many accidents, he has not missed a game because of injury since 1959. He has been seriously beamed twice, has impaled his throwing arm on a fence, has suffered live split teeth—and lost two others outright—and had eight stitches in his face as the result of three other accidents. "This will keep me out of action," he told anxious visitors after a freak pregame batting-cage mishap. The time was 6:15. "It will keep me out of action an hour and 45 minutes," he added, and he played that night. (Robinson's speech is sprinkled with sports clichés like "out of action,"

"phenom" and "nightcap." When he signed this year—for \$35,000—he told reporters, "I'm in the fold.")

Robinson is the heart of the Baltimore team, and his name is almost synonymous with it now, though he is just 27. He came out of Little Rock (Ark.) Central High to play with the Orioles as early as 1955, and there were no major league Orioles before 1954. He has played in 1,019 of the team's 1,638 games; nobody remembers these he did not play in. Nobody in Baltimore really wants to remember.

Always a superb fielder, Robinson has somehow managed to be even better this year. There is nothing more exciting in sports than watching him make a tough play at third base. Lee MacPhail insists no one has ever handled one position as well, and many qualified observers at least agree that Robinson is the best third baseman in history. Before any oldtimers in the barbershops of Pittsburgh start muttering "Pie Traynor," they should know that Traynor is already on record as saying, "Robinson's just the best there is."

After four seasons of .300 or near-.300 hitting, Robinson slumped last year

to .251 when he suddenly developed trouble hitting high fast balls. But a heavier bat, modeled after one he borrowed from the Dodgers' Tommy Davis in spring training, seems to have solved that problem. He is hitting .317 now, fourth best in the league, with nine homers—second to Powell's 21 on the Orioles—and 48 RBIs, ninth best in the league. Robinson, however, is a streak hitter and the Orioles cannot win if he goes into a long slump. Although he is not the team leader—not the type, he insists—he means far more to Baltimore than any ordinary leader could. And the Orioles need the best of him: both his bat and his glove—if they expect to win.

With the season half over, there is no particular reason why the Orioles should not continue to play well. If Powell keeps slugging and the bullpen holds up, if Bauer can find ways to relax without smoking, if the old hands like Miller and the young ones like Bunker maintain their early pace—then the old town celebrating the anniversary of *The Star-Spangled Banner* may have another flag in October to wave o'er the land of the free and the home of Brooks Robinson.

END

A remarkably attractive girl, Connie Robinson watches husband Brooks in game with Angels.



OVER THE FIRST BIG HURDLE ON A

It was, as any track and field man might have said, a time to put aside wild facts and get down to speculation. There had been, after all, no less of a fact-finding muddle in the steaming pot at Randalls Island in New York where the U.S. Olympic trials were held last weekend than there had been at the cottage of the Connecticut housewife who had watched the trials on television in hopes of catching a glimpse of her husband in the stands. Her attention was not always riveted, she explained, but her amazement was genuine as she subsequently told her husband about "the men out on the field who were positively *mmmm*. That one fellow, from Dallas, I believe, who throws the big rock. *Huge*. Is he going to be on our Olympic team?"

Dallas Long of Pasadena, Calif. is, of course, going to be on our Olympic team because he can throw the big rock—put the shot—farther than anybody and did so again last weekend. He is very close to being a 260-pound sure thing. Otherwise, the developments at Downing Stadium, hard by New York's East River, impossibly situated beneath the thundering Queens arm of the Triborough Bridge, were developments not always so packageable. Encouraging for Tokyo? Discouraging? Either, neither and both. But altogether intriguing, as:

Three remarkable teen-agers—Randy Matson, 19, of Texas A&M, who puts the shot, Jim Ryan, 17, of Wichita East High School, who runs 1,500 meters (the metric mile), and Gerry Lindgren, 18, of Spokane, who runs (thrusts and parries, rather) through 5,000 meters—proved good enough or near good enough to make the American team.

A Yale man—that's Yale—Yale—made it.

Jim Beatty did not.

The laureate candidates for the 1,500 meters—Dyrol Burleson, Tom O'Hara, Jim Grelfe *et al.*—ran like coy old women. Coy old women in rocking chairs vying for a view of the shuffleboard. Their times were embarrassing, though not for Burleson, because he ran as fast as he needed to win.

There was more:

The winner of the 5,000 meters, a

straightforward Ohio shuffler with an extraordinarily swift finish named Bob Schul, volunteered to run the old women right out of their chairs if the U.S. Olympic Committee would allow him to join the crowd in the 1,500 meters in the final trials at Los Angeles on September 12 and 13. (The winner of each event at Randalls Island qualified for the Olympic team; the first six qualified for the final trials, which will determine two more Olympians in each event.)

Fastest human Bob Hayes, his left thigh slightly injured, did not run in the sprints.

Pole Vaulter Fred Hansen did not vault 17 feet, as has become his custom. He did not quite vault 16½ feet either, which was what was required of John Pennel to win the event.

A couple of veterans with big, confident smiles and heroic records were uncharacteristically skittish. "I've never been this nervous," said Al Oerter, 27, the grandest discus thrower in two Olympics (he won gold medals in 1956 and 1960). "Nervous? I'm scared to death," said Hayes Jones, 25, the best American hurdler. Both then won in figures that would antique Olympic records.

Broad Jumper Ralph Boston and High Jumper John Thomas, impressive winners on Friday, made their way up to the press box on Saturday to take to task an imaginative New York sportswriter who had placed a few printed words in their mouths. "I send my regards to the Ter," Boston was said to have said for the wind to carry to Igor Ter-Ovanyan, the Russian world-record holder, "Tell Valeri I'll see him soon." Thomas was quoted for the benefit of Russian Valeri Brumel, world high-jump record holder. Neither said any such thing, Boston advised the offender in his gentlemanly manner, "And now is not the time to be stirring up the Russians. We don't want them picking up anything they can use against us."

Now is the time, of course, for America's track nuts—there were 31,000 for the two days at Randalls Island—and housewives everywhere to become concerned about the makeup of the U.S. team that will meet the Russians in Los



GOLDEN TRAIL

Some old dependables and a few new faces won places on the Olympic team. Some of those who missed will get another chance in September **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**



Angeles in a preview meet on July 25-26 and then the Russians and everyone else in the world in Tokyo in October.

Before the meet Dan Ferris, secretary emeritus of the AAU, had contracted a case of enthusiasm and began to see sugar plums where others had seen lemons for the U.S. in 1964. Winning times kept getting better and distances and heights soared as spring ran, leaped, vaulted into summer, and it became apparent the teams that would go to Tokyo would go well qualified. "This could be the strongest ever," said Ferris, who has seen 11 U.S. Olympic teams in 56 years with the AAU. "It's amazing, the progress. Amazing. . . ." There were in the 217 qualifiers who got to New York the makings of a healthy team of eager old bones and hot, fearless young blood, of depth where depth had been lacking and power where power never before existed. Power in distance races, for example. Even teenage power.

How did they do? Better than the Olympic records in seven events, and John Thomas equaled the high-jump record of 7 feet 1. Harold Connolly threw the hammer 225 feet 4 inches. Hayes Jones ran and hurdled 110 meters in 13.4 seconds, two-tenths of a second off the world record. Oerter threw the discus 201 feet 11 inches. Long put the shot 64 feet 9 1/2 inches to beat young Matson by two feet. Boston broad-jumped 27 feet 5 1/2 inches. Pennel pole-vaulted 16 feet 6 inches. Trenton Jackson, in Bob Hayes's place at the front of the herd, ran 100 meters in 10.1 seconds.

Greater than these statistics, however, was the awareness of the special requirements of an Olympic year. Boston took to running 50-yard sprints up a murderous 45-degree slope at Tennessee A&I, where he trains, studies biochemistry as a graduate student and gets to see his family on occasion. He has been eating lots of liver and putting on great, protein layers of confidence. "I'm jumping better than ever, definitely," he said after leaps of 27-4 and 27-5 1/2. He was not

(continued)

to sweat band Jeff Fishback leads the field of sleepchessers over the living walter jump



Young Gerry Lindgren (2) dominated the 500 but Bob Schul (behind him) won it, as Jim Beatty (second from left) faded from the picture.

disturbed by the tailwind that deprived him of a world record each time, realizing there would be other, stiller days.

Oerter's first throw carried almost 208 feet, out where no discus has ever reached, but it also landed a yard outside the pie-shaped sector the discus is supposed to land in and was disallowed. Oerter has had to wear a homemade horse collar—two towels rolled around a belt—to keep his neck from snapping back and aggravating a pinched nerve in his left shoulder, but he compensates by releasing from a forward position, "diving into the throw," and there has been no appreciable loss in effectiveness.

Oerter could go on setting discus records forever. "I think it is possible to win five gold medals," he says, looking forward to 1972. But Hurdler Jones and Sprinter Henry Carr, the Arizona State senior of the classic stride who won at

200 meters, want only to win at Tokyo to call it a career—Carr to try football ("football offers you a future") and Jones because "running has become too much of a job. I have to work up little hate campaigns for every race. I used to talk a lot; now I have to be a loner to concentrate."

Loner Jones was having no trouble concentrating when he stepped into the blocks Saturday, "scared to death" that Utah's Blaine Lindgren, 25, was going to somehow deprive him. As a result, Hayes did not run out of the blocks so much as he seemed to be detonated from them. By the first hurdle he had a full yard on Lindgren, who had collected fears of his own in June 8. Lindgren last drew that outside line when he broke an ankle on the curb in Salt Lake City three years ago. "All I could think about was that curb," he said, "and that ankle." But Jones's

shotgun start was traumatic enough for anybody in any other lane, and Lindgren's customary closing rush, which had beaten Jones twice before, this time was not enough. They would make a good pair at Tokyo.

The Yale man was Jay Lock, 23, a graduate student in physics who caught favored Rex Cawley of Pasadena on the seventh hurdle and won the 400 meters in 49.4 seconds. Only two men have ever done better, and one, Glenn Davis of Ohio State, won gold medals in 1956 and 1960.

There was also more to be said for the elderly. Ollan Cassell, 26, of New Jersey, upset Uvis Williams of Arizona State in 400 meters (45.9). Did you ask about depth? The first five finishers were separated by four-tenths of a second. Ira Davis, 27, of Philadelphia, won the triple jump (52 feet 10½ inches). Santa Clara's

Jeff Fishback the 3,000-meter steeplechase (8:40.4), Jerry Siebert, 25, the physicist from Santa Clara who came out of retirement to try for the Olympics, beat Oregon State's Morgan Groth by a step in the 800, doubting every precious yard: "I didn't think I could win," he said. "I really didn't."

The match that best typified the trend, however, was the 5,000 meters, where the 18-year-old Lindgren challenged the 26-year-old Schul. Lindgren is even smaller than Tom O'Hara: 5 feet 6, 120 pounds; he runs with his head to one side, blinking like a man making progress through a dust storm, arms tight at his body. "Electric," his coach calls the style—a deliberate imitation that combines a little Snell, a little Elliott, maybe some Zatopek, some Cunningham, presumably some Lindgren somewhere. In his campaign to beat Schul, Lindgren ran the strange type of back-and-forth race that Zatopek stunned his opponents with 15 years ago and which Russia's Vladimir Kuts repeated with such effectiveness at Melbourne in 1956. At one point Lindgren swept ahead by 10 yards, trying to tempt followers; then he dropped all the way back to ninth place.

He was first, fourth, second, fourth, first, third as the mood struck him, but Schul would not have any. "An intelligent runner does not follow that stuff,"

said Schul. "It's not so bad if you're doing it, but it's impossible to follow." Schul, taught by Mihaly Igloi to run only his own race, is longer limbed, longer striding and more powerful. Finally, on the last turn, he sprinted past Lindgren, then past Bill Dellinger of Oregon—who had moved up strong to challenge—and won by four yards. Lindgren trotted in 15 yards behind Dellinger.

Beatty, once America's finest miler but now 29 and struggling to get back in shape, dropped out with two and a half laps to go. The heat and the pounding had aggravated the old injury on his right foot where 12 stitches were taken last November when he was cut fumbling in the dark for the garbage can. He has appealed to George Eastment of the Olympic Track and Field Committee for a chance to compete in the final trials in September.

Schul and Coach Igloi stood on a hill at the north end of the track the day after the 5,000 and watched the 1,500-meter race slowly, slowly take its course. O'Hara, troubled by a chest cold and a report that his father had had a heart attack the day before, was setting the pace and was extremely reluctant to do so. No one else would; certainly not the imperturbable Barleson, who knows to bide his time. Barleson sprinted—lit-

erally—the last lap in 52.5 seconds, passing first Ryun, the head-rolling 17-year-old who had taken the lead, and O'Hara, who was momentarily boxed in as Ryun faltered. Ryun finished fourth behind Greife. Barleson's winning time was equivalent to a 4:02.4 mile—ordinary time, disappointing time. Too bad for the peace of mind of the poor strategists who accepted the slow pace and finished in the track: all of them were four-minute milers.

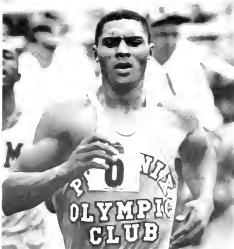
"That is not running, that is sprint," said Igloi from his vantage point on the hill. "Anybody can wait three quarter and then speed up. That is bad."

Schul said he would dearly love to be allowed to compete at 1,500 meters in Los Angeles. "I might not win," he said, "and it doesn't matter, because I'm already qualified for the 5,000 meters. But I'd sure make those guys run."

The 17 winners at Randall's Island need only "demonstrate their fitness" from now to September to remain U.S. Olympic team members. The other 86 who survived the cut are now eligible for Los Angeles in September. Bob Hayes has been allowed to join them for the final trials, and there will be rulings on others who have applied for special consideration. In any case, they will all run there, all the 86. Or they surely won't run in Tokyo.

END

Graceful Henry Carr won the 500 as expected, but Yale's happy Jay Luck was an upset victor in the 400-meter hurdles in a crack 49.4 seconds.



STILL TOO TENDER TO BE A TIGER

Against Eddie Machen, Floyd Patterson again tried to prove himself. All he proved was that he doesn't want to hurt anyone **by TEX MAULE**



Patterson's pleasure in winning was soured by disappointment in his own performance.

Last Sunday evening, shortly after Floyd Patterson had defeated Eddie Machen in 12 rounds of boxing that would never frighten Cassius Clay back into training, Floyd received two visitors in his Stockholm dressing room. One, wearing a neat, gray Ivy League suit, was Ingemar Johansson. "You too nice, Floyd," said Ingemar. The other, wearing a jaunty bow tie, was Nat Fleischer, the publisher of *Ring* magazine, who announced triumphantly that Floyd Patterson had moved up, that he was now the No. 2 challenger for the heavyweight championship.

Both were right, of course. Floyd is a nice man, too nice to be a professional fistfighter, but despite this he is also unquestionably superior—just as he has always been—to the five men over whom he had just leaptfrogged from his old ranking down in seventh place: Doug Jones, Zora Folley, Cleveland Williams, Ernest Terrell and Machen. It was a little difficult to understand, however, why Floyd was so cheered by Fleischer's statement. For one thing, still above him stand Clay and Sonny Liston, and exactly why Floyd should ever want to fight either of them—he has plenty of money and his health—is a question that not even Patterson can adequately explain. Beyond that, his sudden rise in *Ring*'s form chart had no more relation to reality than his precipitous drop from the top to his place behind Jones, Folley, etc immediately after his back-to-back and back-on-the-canvas first-round knockouts at the hands of Liston. He was no worse a fighter after his losses to Liston than he had been before, and he is no better a fighter now after his wins over Machen and Sante Amonti, the inept Italian heavyweight he defeated on points in Sweden last January. He is still fast and strong and game—but he still is easy to hit. He still is acutely aware of helplessness, in himself or in others, including those he hurts in the ring. He still lacks the egocentric concentration of the true athlete, the single-minded aggressiveness of the great fighter, the consuming need to conquer or destroy everything in his way.

In the 11th round of the fight last Sunday he caught Machen against the ropes and hit him with a powerful right hand that sliced open Eddie's face and

sent him to his knees. The mandatory eight-count rule, which requires that fighters knocked off their feet must take a count of eight before resuming battle, had been waived for the meeting, and Machen popped back to his feet at once, though dazed and with blood streaming down his face. It was an opportunity—an opponent momentarily helpless—that would have been capitalized on immediately by a Rocky Marciano or a Cassius Clay or a Sonny Liston. But Patterson stood quietly by and waited, looking at Machen with a curious half smile on his face. He did not move in for the kill, and Machen quickly recovered.

This was the maneuver—or rather, the nonmaneuver—that upset Johnson. "You take a step back when you should not," he told Patterson in the dressing room. "You had him hurt maybe five, six times. Why don't you move in? You must take a step forward, Floyd." Patterson looked at him enigmatically and did not reply. Later, however, Patterson said, "I was winning the 11th round when I hurt him, and I looked in his face and I saw hurt and defeat. This is a man who has had a hard life. He has been broke and in a mental institution. Should I knock him down further for my own good? I was winning I didn't have to hurt him." Then he added, "He fought a good fight. He deserves a shot at Clay more than I do. He's broke and he's been down, and he deserves it."

This kindness of Floyd's, a reflection of his hunger for friendship, for approval, for recognition, has its counterpart in his fear and resentment of disapproval, his touchiness, his moodiness. Before the fight in Stockholm (from which he earned \$100,000, as a crowd of 40,000 damp Swedes paid approximately \$300,000 dollars to watch on a rainy northern evening), Floyd annoyed even his enthusiastic Scandinavian admirers by sequestering himself like a moody Garbo in a small resort town 300 miles from Stockholm. He strained the abundant friendship most of the Swedish press has for him by making himself very hard to find for interviews. "I spent three days in Ronneby trying to talk to him," one Swedish reporter said, "and finally I got to see him for 20 minutes. Is this the Patterson we liked so well? I do not think so."

"He misses Cus D'Amato," said a man who is close to Patterson, referring to Floyd's first and longtime manager, from whom he is estranged. "He tries to do everything himself now—run the camp, worry about the money, take legal advice, everything. D'Amato used to do all that and keep him away from everyone so that he could concentrate on fighting. And then you have to remember that he was raised by Cus. When Cus first got him he was just a kid who didn't know anything about anything. All he knows and all his attitudes he got from D'Amato, including his suspicions and prejudices and his quickness to resent. He's got all of D'Amato's craftiness without D'Amato's background and intelligence."

In one of his rare colloquies with a member of the press, Patterson said, "I have to prove something. If I could preview a fight and see that I would be destroyed I would still fight. If I had to fight every day for seven days I would do it to prove myself." He focused all of his attention on the task at hand, beating Machen, proving himself. Although his brother Ray, who served as a sparring partner in his camp, could have had a fight on the card with Floyd and Machen, Patterson turned thumbs down on the grounds that he had to give his entire concentration to his own bout and did not want to have to worry about his brother at the same time. In his final day with his sparring partners, he fought strenuously. After a round in which he had scored heavily to Floyd's head, brother Ray came back to his corner and said doubtfully to a trainer, "They said to let them go, didn't they? You better ask Florio if he meant it." Dan Florio, Patterson's old trainer and current manager, meant it, and in the last round of training the brothers went at each other at top speed, almost viciously.

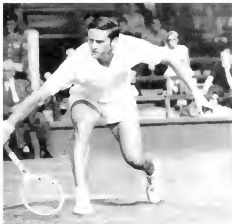
In the fight, Floyd was hit easily by Machen's left at first, but then Eddie abandoned his old style of the dancer and plodded in at Patterson. He was effective in the infighting and jolted Patterson's head back with short right uppercuts, but he never seemed sure of himself. Afterward, Eddie said, "He hit me some hurting punches, but I never felt like I might go down. He never had me in any trouble, and there was

two, three times I had him hurt. But I'm not used to this moving-in style. I'm not blaming anybody, but I might have done better staying back and hitting. You can't fight one way seven years and another way for five fights and feel natural. I charged him too much, and I wasn't on balance to follow up the good shots."

Machen set the pattern of the fight in the first round, moving to Patterson and trying to get close to him so that Floyd's punching power would be smothered. He succeeded fairly well, but Patterson was accurate with a quick left jab. Once he backed out of the infighting with a strong combination of four punches to the body which stopped Machen in his tracks, and after that Machen was cautious about breaking away from the clinches. Several times Machen was caught solidly as he moved forward, but Patterson was reluctant to follow up. After he cut Machen in the 11th and let him recover, Eddie moved in himself with a solid left hook that knocked Floyd back into his own corner, and as the round ended he followed that with his best combination of the night. In the next and final round, he had Patterson pinned to the ropes at one point, but when the bell ended the fight, Referee Teddy Waltham, the only official, did not hesitate. He walked directly to Patterson's corner and raised his hand. Waltham scored the fight 59 points for Patterson to 49 for Machen—nine rounds to one, with two even—and although most of the ringside experts gave Machen a better share of the scoring than that, there was no question that Patterson had won.

But though Floyd proved something—that he could beat Machen and that he had courage the took real punishment at times from Machen without flinching and without losing his pose—he still has not achieved his nagging, nebulous, never-satisfied ambition of proving himself. He showed occasional flashes of his brilliant drumbeat combinations, but always there was his inability to make himself punish an injured opponent.

When it was all over, Dan Florio shook his head in disgust. "He wants to pick them up," Florio said. "He knocks them down, he wants to pick them up." **END**



Shown here looping for low backhands, Australia's naughty boys, Emerson (left) and Stolle, made it into the finals, where Emerson won.

THE OUTCASTS ARE COUNTED IN

Roy Emerson and Fred Stolle, in disfavor down under since February, are back in the Davis Cup picture after a Wimbledon performance that may yet prove the racket to be mightier than the sword **by JOHN LOVESEY**

Shortly before Roy Emerson beat Fred Stolle to win the singles title at Wimbledon last week, both players received telegrams from the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia congratulating them on reaching the finals. It was a curiously warm gesture on the part of the LTAA, which, in a fit of pique last February, banned both Emerson and Stolle from the association, thus making them ineligible to represent their country in Davis Cup play. Emerson, Stolle and two other players had defied an association order to remain in Australia until April and had, instead, gone on an overseas tour. "When they realize we are adamant," roared LTAA President Norman Strange at the time, "they will behave differently in the future. Some of them flout our authority all the time."

That was in February. Now, five months later, Emerson and Stolle held telegrams of best wishes from the very

man who had banned them. "Just normal procedure," said Strange from Australia. "We aren't trying to soft-soap them." Perhaps not, but chances are very good that when Australia plays its Davis Cup match against Canada next week Emerson and Stolle will be present—and in action. For many weeks Cup Captain Harry Hopman has been working hard at a truce. Not long ago, in a long telephone conversation, he succeeded in persuading Emerson to write a letter to Strange expressing his desire to play on the team and promising, as president of the Australian players' association, that next year he and his fellow outcasts will not play tennis outside the country until the end of February.

And so Strange is faced with an awkward choice. If he receives Emerson and Stolle back into the family, he yields control of the game in Australia to the players. If he stands firm, Australia has

little chance of winning back the Davis Cup and probably will not even reach the Challenge Round against the U.S. Since reaching it is worth \$50,000 to the challenger, there is heavy pressure on Strange to welcome home Roy Emerson, the new Wimbledon champion.

This year's Wimbledon tournament proved beyond a doubt that Emerson is the finest amateur tennis player in the world, although he does not really have a natural gift for tennis. When he serves, for instance, he winds up like a windmill, stopping momentarily before going into the actual motion of hitting the ball. But he has speed and strength and all the instincts of a great athlete. At 14, he high-jumped 5 feet 10 inches and broad-jumped 22 feet.

Now 28, Emerson is married and the father of a one-year-old son. He is employed as a public relations man for a cigarette company, a situation that is



See Brothers and Brothers Chrysler, GMC Buick, Pontiac

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Gimlets are made with one part Rose's to four or five parts gin or vodka. You drink gimlets all year 'round, of course. But summer is an especially propitious time to get started. You may never eat an olive again.

permissible under Australia's broad code of amateur standards.

Fred Stolle also plugs for a cigarette company. (Stolle smokes five cigarettes a day, Emerson says.) Stolle is much the better PR man. Ask him who employs him and the answer comes quick as a flash in the form of an open flip-top box: "Have one," he says. When he beat Chuck McKinley in the semifinals, one of Stolle's first off-court comments was that he was attending a cocktail party that evening given by his managing director and that such victories as this made the boss smile.

It was a miserable tournament for the U.S. players. Dennis Ralston, with no practice on grass since December's Davis Cup matches, flew to London the night before the first round and was promptly beaten. So was gangling Frank Froehling, who had reached the finals at Forest Hills last year, beating Roy Emerson in the process.

One by one, the other Americans dropped—41-year-old Tom Brown and 17-year-old Cliff Richey, Ron Holmberg, Davis Cuppers Arthur Ashe, Marty Riessen and Gene Scott until only Chuck McKinley, last year's Wimbledon champion, remained. At no time during the tournament did McKinley look sharp, yet he kept hustling and winning. Then he met Stolle in the semifinals. McKinley won the first set and broke Stolle's serve for a 2-1 lead in the second. But in the next game McKinley double-faulted twice to lose the game and his momentum. Stolle won the second set, even so, McKinley fought back to come within one point of winning the third. Then Stolle sent McKinley's serve whistling past him, and McKinley never threatened again.

Nor did the U.S. women fare any better at Wimbledon. Nancy Richey attracted the crowds with her Helen Wills-like sin wave and her hard ground strokes, but she was beaten in the quarter-finals by Australia's Lesley Turner. Billie Jean Moffitt, a finalist last year, was beaten again by Margaret Smith of Australia, this time in the semifinals.

In the finals it was Miss Smith, the defending champion, against Maria Bueno of Brazil, Wimbledon champion in 1959 and 1960. Margaret Smith is a big, rangy girl who hits the ball as hard as most men. Miss Bueno, at 24 three years older than Margaret, can also hit the ball hard, but there is a grace to her movements



With the grace of a ballerina, Maria Bueno leaves the ground to return a high backhand

that Miss Smith, and indeed everyone else, lacks.


Because she is older and because she still shows signs of weakness from the case of hepatitis she contracted in 1961, Maria Bueno was the underdog, even though she had beaten Miss Smith at Forest Hills last year. But in the first set, with the score 4-4, Margaret got the jitters. "I clamped up," she later said. Serving at 15-40, she sent her second serve a good six feet wide of the center line. Jumping on this opportunity, Miss Bueno held serve to win the first set.

In the second set Miss Smith moved out in front 4-0 and it seemed she was on her way, but Maria proved she was far from finished by evening it up at 4-4. Margaret eventually won the set

9-7, but Miss Bueno wrapped up the championship by winning the third set easily, 6-3. In gaining her third Wimbledon championship, Maria earned the unqualified right to be mentioned in the same breath with such players as Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills. Her movements on the court were truly lovely, a welcome reminder of the beauty of tennis (see next page).

And so at the traditional post-tournament ball Maria Bueno danced with Roy Emerson. When it was over, Maria packed to leave for her next tournament. Emerson went to Sweden, where he was expecting another telegram. **END**

FOR MORE ON TENNIS, ITS APPEAL, COLOR AND HUMOR, TURN THE PAGE



TENNIS

ITS EARLY CHARMS AND LASTING JOYS

It begins, often, with the child drawing a line in chalk across the garage door. His racket is slightly bent, having been left outside during the last rain, and the ball he hits has long since lost its fuzz. No matter. He is playing tennis and he is having fun. Later, as an adult, he will insist on an expensive racket, worry about his serve and rejoice when he sends a backhand whistling down the line. Bill Tilden once said: "There is no sensation in the sporting world so enjoyable to me as that when I meet a tennis ball 'ust right," and

the young man will know what Tilden meant. Still later, when his legs tell him that two sets of doubles are quite enough, long after he has stopped worrying about his serve, he will still enjoy the game, for the exercise and companionship it gives him.

Today tennis is played all over the world, in Saigon, Copenhagen, Budapest and Kale-mazoo. It is played on grass, clay, cement, wood, asphalt and mud, by kings, queens, presidential candidates and an estimated 12 million other people. There are tournaments

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID ATTIE



for boys and girls 10 years old and under, and tournaments for gentlemen 70 years old and over. Father can play tennis with daughter, mother with son, all four together. It is a game of universal appeal. This week we salute the game of tennis. On the following 17 pages we present a lesson in net play, a nostalgic look at the indoor courts of the old Long Island estates and an account of one man's problems in having his own court. And, beginning on page 56, we offer a closeup of a player who at 50 can still beat most men half his age.



During the past few months Bill Talbert has been teaching his 12-year-old son Peter how to play net. We felt that Talbert's instructions to his son would also be of interest to our readers, from 12-year-olds on up. What follows is intended solely for those who have never played net, those who have played it only under direct order from a partner and those who have played it with gusto but without effect. In short, it is intended for most tennis players

A WAY TO BETTER NET PLAY

BY BILL TALBERT

You have been invited to play doubles with friends, and the moment has arrived when your partner is about to serve and you must play net. Of course, there is no tennis law that insists you have to play net, but you should want to. Tennis, even at club level, has become a serve-and-volley game and, in doubles especially, the team that controls the net generally will win.

THE GRIP

So there you are, up at the net. The first thing you should do is choose a grip. Take the throat of your racket in your left hand and with your right shake hands with the handle. This is the forehand grip. Move the hand an eighth of a turn to the left and you have the backhand grip. Most top players—Gonzalez, Kramer, Budge—use a backhand grip when they

volley. A few others prefer the forehand. Either is perfectly correct, and you should settle on the one that feels most comfortable. The important thing is to use only one grip when you volley. Hit your forehand and backhand volleys with the same grip. At net you simply do not have time to switch from one grip to another, as you do when you are hitting from the backcourt. Too often players

continued



Racket held high, ready to volley quickly to either side, Bill Talbert (left) stands at net, using the forehand, or shake-hands, grip shown above.

NET PLAY continued



Al Talbert shows his son Peter, the volleys should be like a jab or baring, not a full swing. Below, his wrist locked, Peter makes a good volley.

do try to switch grips, which explains why so many of their volleys go straight up, straight down—just about anywhere except over the net into the other court. It may feel a little awkward at first, hitting a forehand volley with a backhand grip, but you will get used to it and be better off doing it.

STANCE

I shudder every time I see a player standing at the net, arms at his sides, racket pointing down. No wonder he is beaten so often by easy shots. You must be ready up there. You should hold the racket right out in front of you so that the tip



of it is pointing straight ahead. Keep your left hand at the throat of the racket for balance. This way you will be able to move the racket as quickly as possible.

It is also important to keep mentally alert. The best way I know of doing this is to expect every shot to be yours. Think, "This shot is coming at me." If it does not, no harm done. If it does, you will be ready. There is no reason why you should not be alert at the net.

THE VOLLEY

And so, alert, racket up, grip set, you await the start of the point. Your partner serves, and your opponent hits his return—right at you. Well, at least you were expecting it, so you are not surprised. Now, if you have never played net, or if you have played it only when ordered to, chances are you will stand aside and let your partner take it, if he can. This, of course, is a mistake. If you have always enjoyed playing net but usually have missed more shots than you have made, chances are you will take a healthy swing at the ball. This is also a mistake. Do not swing at the ball when

you volley. Balls hit at you at the net generally have so much speed that all you need do is block them. If the opponent's shot is weak, you can add a little punch to your volley, like a boxer's jab. Keep your wrist locked and jab, but do not take a backswing. Oh, if your opponent should hit a real lollipop over the net, swing ahead and have fun. But if you insist on swinging at fast shots which are coming at you from close range your chances of hitting the ball where you want it to go are small. Most likely you will be late, like a batter swinging at a good fast ball. By blocking the ball your racket will have become, in effect, a tennis backboard, and backboards fail to return very few shots.

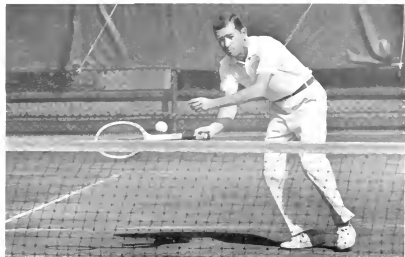
You may argue at this point, especially if you have never played net, that your reflexes are not nearly quick enough to make volleys, to block off a fast shot hit at point-blank range. It is true that some people have quicker reflexes than others, but just about everyone can react fast enough to play net. Have you ever seen a player duck out of the way of a shot hit, say, right at his chin? The shot,

he thinks, came at him too fast to hit and he considers himself lucky to have moved his head while he still had it. But if he had enough time to move his head he probably had enough time to volley the ball. Chances are he was not expecting the shot, and when it came he panicked and ducked.

Continued



Talbert crouches for a low volley, keeping his racket parallel to the ground. This gives him a better angle than if he had remained upright (above).





Starting to poach, Talbert breaks from his position at the net to cross into his partner's territory and volley away an ineffective return of service.

Panic is not an unnatural feeling at the net. A good way to overcome it is to have someone toss balls at you, slowly at first, but with increasing speed. When it is no longer foreign to you to have a ball coming at you, you will feel more at ease.

Of course, not every shot will come directly at you. Suppose one of your opponents hits a shot wide of you, yet within range of your outstretched arm. Faced with this situation, too many players simply reach out like a first baseman stretching for a wide throw and volley the ball for better or worse. Usually worse. In tennis there is no bag to keep your foot on, and there is no need to act as though there is. You should step into the ball. If you can volley the ball at close range—say a foot or two from your body—you will have much better control in making the shot.

Along similar lines, if you have to volley a ball that has fallen below the level of the net, you must get down to it. Bend the knees, crouch. You cannot expect to make an effective volley of a low ball standing stiff-legged. Incidentally, you should always try to get to the ball while it is above the level of the net.

You want to volley the ball down and make the opponents hit the ball up. That is what tennis is all about. It is a cardinal sin to let a ball drop when you might have hit it sooner.

THE OVERHEAD

The overhead is an essential part of the net game, for as soon as you have shown you can volley well, your opponents will stop trying to hit the ball past you and start trying to lob it over you. Unless you can return these lobs with overheads, your entire net game will suffer.

The overhead swing should be short and lethal; I like to compare it to hammering a nail in a wall just over your head. You do not wind up and clout the nail, because chances are good you will miss. And you will miss the ball if you try to hit it the same way. The shorter the swing, the less room there is for error. But don't forget to hit the ball and hit it hard, arm fully extended at the point of contact.

Nor should your feet leave the ground when you hit an overhead, except when absolutely necessary. If you learn to get back quickly, it should not be necessary to jump often.

Lastly, do not be overly concerned where you hit your overhead. More overheads are missed because the player was trying to check the last-second movements of the opponents. Forget that sort of thing and simply hit the ball.

POSITIONING

I have not discussed where you should stand at the net because so much depends on how effective your volleying and overhead are. I recently played tennis against a good player who was not very tall but who insisted on crowding the net. Now, it is a distinct advantage to play close to the net, because you can get more of a downward angle on your volleys, but this only applies if you are tall enough, or quick enough, to handle the lob. This fellow I was playing against was not. His partner would serve and charge the net, and it was the easiest thing in the world to lob over them. They would have to run back and we would be at the net. If he had been my partner I would have said: "Look, move back a couple of steps. You just don't have the overhead to play that close."

In general, I would say the proper place to play when your partner is serving or

when your partner is receiving serve is about two yards inside the service line and a couple of feet inside the doubles alley. But position must remain a flexible thing, depending on your ability, the ability of your opponents and how the match is going.

POACHING

When you have learned how to volley, you should practice it often in matches. A good volleyer can dominate an otherwise even game, but only if he is aggressive. If you allow a steady stream of service returns to float back across the middle of the net, many of which lead to points for the opponents, you have yourself to blame. You should be cutting off those shots at the net—if not all of them, at least some. This is called poaching, and not enough players practice it.

Poaching requires good timing. If you start moving across the court too soon, your opponent will hit the ball behind you down the alley. If you leave too late—well, you are too late. You must wait until the moment that your opponent commits himself to his shot. It is very much like the steal in baseball. As a matter of fact, I have played a lot of tennis with Jackie Robinson and, as you can imagine, Jackie is an excellent poacher.

Always keep alert to the tide of battle during a point. If, for instance, your partner has laced a return at the feet of your opponent, be prepared to poach. That opponent must hit the ball up to clear the net, a weak shot, a shot you should try to put away. But if your opponent is about to volley a ball from the height of his shoulders, better hold your ground, for he will be hitting the ball down, an attacking shot.

Poaching accomplishes two things. If successful, it wins points, abruptly. Secondly, it rattles the opponent. Knowing that the net man likes to poach puts the opponent under pressure. Is he going to cross this time? Should I try to hit it down his alley? Thoughts like these can make an inexperienced player hit shots everywhere but in the court. It can even bother experienced players.

When I was captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team in 1953, it was pretty clear that a crucial match would be the doubles. I had Tony Trabert and Vic Seixas. The Australians were going to use Lew Hoad and Rex Hartwig, and they were, on the record, a better team than our boys. I felt we had to do something to upset

them, so I tried an old system Gardner Mulloy and I had often used. Just before one of our players was to serve, the other would turn his back to Hoad and Hartwig and signal whether or not he was about to poach. That way the server would know and could cover up for his partner, that is, rush the net on the side of the court his poaching partner had just vacated. But the real value of this signal system is that it created a psychological barrier for Hoad and Hartwig. It gave them something to worry about. Trabert and Seixas won in straight sets.

Equally disconcerting to opponents is the fake poach. To lean on baseball again, the fake poach is similar to Mawry Walls taking a long lead from first base, breaking toward second with the pitch and stopping after three steps. The last thing the pitcher sees as he turns his head toward the plate is Walls streaking toward second, and this cannot help his pitching. Faking a poach is equally distracting to a man returning a serve. Seeing you break early, he may try to hit the ball behind you, in which case you

will be right there waiting for it. Even if he hits the ball cross-court, chances are it will not be a good shot.

COURT MANNERS

Let me stress that there is nothing unethical or unsportsmanlike about poaching or faking a poach. You should use all the little tricks you can. Above all, if the opponents are having success with a certain pattern of play, you should employ any legitimate tactic to disrupt that pattern. You may continue to lose, but at least you will not be losing the same way.

There are, however, questions of taste in tennis. In a friendly game you can poach too much and spoil everyone's game. It isn't any fun playing with someone who pounces on every shot, or who is always trying complicated shots. I agree that it's great to try a crazy shot—a difficult lob volley or an impossibly sharp angle—but not on every shot. It's nice to win, and a strong net game will help you win, but the main point is for all players to have fun. **END**



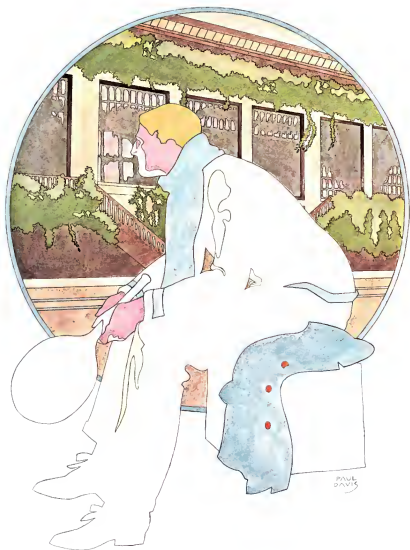
Hitting an overhead is like hammering a nail in a wall above your head. You do not take a wild swing at the nail, or the ball either. Keep the swing short and lethal.



Along the North Shore of Long Island stand the old indoor tennis courts of the great estates, monuments to an era of elegance. During the 1920s and 1930s some of the wealthiest families in the country—Vanderbilts, Whitneys, Tiffanys, Phippses, Pulitzers—lived on these estates, and tennis was their game. The "Architectural Record" in 1929 commented that the leisure class was looking for new ways to develop its taste for sport on a year-round basis. The answer was the "sports house." And houses they were, albeit huge ones, ornately decorated, with skylighted roofs. On the courts society mingled with tennis champions, to the satisfaction of both. When it rained for a week at Forest Hills one year, Alice Marble and Sarah Palfrey practiced for their semifinal match on the Whitney court. But those days are gone. Today most of the old courts have been put to other uses. One has been used as a greenhouse,

AN ERA OF ELEGANCE

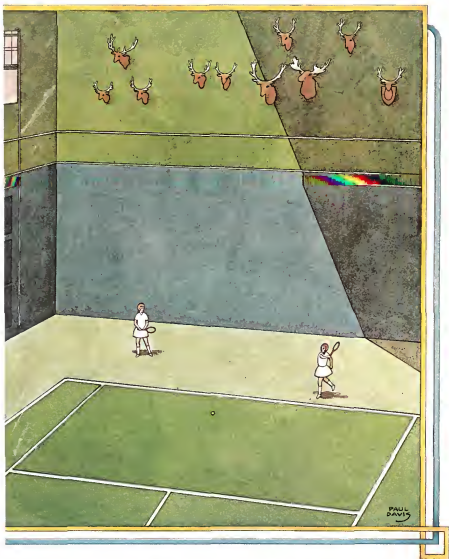
another as a movie studio, while a number of the others have become private clubs. The era of elegance is over, but on the next four pages is a nostalgic glimpse of the way it used to be.

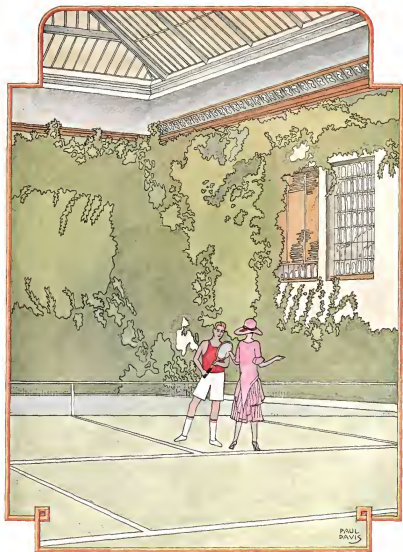




SPORTS CARS such as the Bugatti filled drive-ways on tennis weekends. The Bradley Martin court (right) had a linoleum surface and was decorated with family hunting trophies. Many tennis champions of the 1930s—Riggs, Budge, Shields—used to play here,







A PERSONAL MEMORY

To kids, the indoor court was a marvelous playground, and tennis was only one of the wonders to be enjoyed. We started our tennis there, of course, and in the old days (1930s) there was always a resident professional on hand, plus two full-time ground-keepers. A hundred feet from the entrance to the court was an outdoor grass court. We were never allowed to play on it except at the invitation of my uncle, C. V. Whitney, and then only when he himself was playing. These invitations came on sudden notice, like a command performance, when some notable guest was a late scratch from a scheduled game.

One thrill about the indoor court was to sit quietly on the small balcony and watch the great players who came out from New York to play there. My uncle was only an average player, but he liked to play with the best. I remember watching him team with Don Budge against Frank Shields and Sarah Palfrey and thinking I was luckier than if I had been at Wimbledon. Later I remember Budge telling C.V.W. (probably out of courtesy) that it was the finest indoor surface in the world, and this, needless to say, was repeated by me to every schoolmate or pal that I asked over to play there.

The pro gave us all lessons, and when we started to think we were pretty hot, he'd cool us off by taking our allowance money in a series of matches in which we would start off every game at 30-love or 40-love, only to discover that the pro, who for weeks had been hitting gentle balls within easy range of us, now could bear down like an angry Bill Tilden.

The indoor court, in its heyday, was like the first of the cellar rumpus rooms: you could do just about everything there. While tennis was going on, you could play pool in the enormous upper living room; a piano was there, too, and countless huge soft sofas. Off to one end of the building was an indoor pool, heated in winter, and in the men's dressing room were displays of body-building and weight-reducing

equipment that would have made Vic Tanny envious. It had a hotbox and a special needle shower. Across the driveway, 100 yards away in a building that was mostly the estate's office and carpentry shop, were squash courts and a bowling alley. In short, if you wanted sport in Old Westbury, there was something for everyone, and in those days everyone took advantage of it.

The tennis court was always cleared by 5 p.m. of all manner of kids and their pals. The superintendent, a firm, gravel-voiced man named Harry Kent, would order us out of the building while he and his assistant rolled and brushed the court. They would open a box of balls and lay the rackets carefully on the big center table. Beside it were pitchers of ice water and lemonade, and sometimes iced tea.

Then, down from New York in their town cars would come the businessmen to play a game of doubles before dinner. If invited, we could reenter the building and watch from the small balcony. Any giggling or horseplay on our part and we were shouted out of sight.

When C.V.W. moved away, first to California and then to Kentucky, the court belonged more to my generation, but we played less and less. When the place was sold to Norman Blankman, he kept the court active and ran it like a club, with Frank Shields in charge. The last time C.V.W. had anything to do with it he gave an enormous coming-out party for his daughter, Lester Lanin's band played where Don Budge had once played, and the lights that had burned for years until late at night while all of us ran about chasing tennis balls now burned until people's dancing feet were weary.

The last time I was in the court was when Blankman sponsored an art show there. It was sad for me: A great part of my early life was spent in the indoor court, and now I don't particularly care if I ever go back inside the place or not. In fact, I'd rather not.—WHITNEY TOWER

OLDEST and one of the most splendid tennis houses is the Whitney court, built in 1903. Ivy grows on the walls, serving as a good background for tennis.

PLEASE KEEP YOUR DOG OFF MY COURT

When a man builds his own tennis court, he finds he has a lot more to worry about than his own faulty backhand by E. J. KAHN JR.

It is the end of a lovely early-summer afternoon on Cape Cod. My wife is at a neighbor's, attending an emergency meeting of the Empty-beer-can Pickup Committee. My oldest son is at the beach, courting a waitress before she goes to work. My second son, who volunteered an hour ago to retrieve a tennis ball that a woman with a nice smile but no backhand hit over a fence and into some bushes, is in the bathroom dabbing at himself with the newest miracle cure for poison ivy. My youngest son is playing Little League ball, and will come home a hero or sick to his stomach. My house guests are napping. I am on our clay tennis court, brushing, sweeping, watering and rolling. My labor done, I return to my house for a beer, and I have scarcely wet my lips when I hear the familiar, pleasant sound of racket whacking ball. I rush to a window and peer out. On my neatly laundered court, two men are stamping and snorting. I know only one of them. His name is unimportant, but our family nickname for him is Divotdigger. I sigh, but I am not really cross. The best things in this world—like having one's very own tennis court—are not cheaply won or lightly held.

Our summer place is at Truro, 10 miles from the curving outer tip of Cape Cod. Some local vacationers fritter away their days playing golf, like ambulatory pin-ball machines, or lie on the beach, like

dead snails, or pursue helpless clams, like seagulls, but I am a tennis enthusiast, like any sensible person. So is my wife, and so are our sons. Sometimes I think they may become tennis buffs.

Truro has no public tennis courts. When we began coming here, some 15 years ago, there were two private courts, one surfaced with asphalt and the other with clay—or rather, the ravaged remnants of clay. Two couples jointly rented the house adjoining the clay court one summer. They had been intimate friends, but before the season was over the husbands got into an awful row about the upkeep of the court, and the wives all but stopped speaking to each other. Neither couple has returned to the Cape since, and I understand there has been a divorce in one household and a chronic stutter in the other.

In spite of this disturbing background, my wife and I decided in the fall of 1962 to build a court of our own. The existing Truro clay court had by then turned into a sand pit, and we were embarrassed about having spent most of our daylight hours for a dozen or so years at the old asphalt court, even though its owner was a man of unique tolerance and patience.

To be sure, two new private courts—one clay, one asphalt—had been unveiled in Truro in 1961, but these attracted so many tennis buffs to the community that we feared our boys, compelled time





and time again to yield to adults who didn't know a lob volley from a drop shot, would turn sullen and might even run away. So we resolved to build our own court. A local pro who dabbles in carpentry agreed to be our general contractor, and he convinced us that a clay court would not only cost less than an all-weather one but would be easier on our feet. He was right about the feet.

During the long, frustrating, tennis-less winter that followed, I was anxious to get into shape for the exciting summer ahead, and I played a good deal of squash racquets and platform tennis. One day something happened to the shoulder of my serving arm, and I could not even swing a ping-pong paddle without wincing. My doctor referred me to an eminent physiotherapist, who said he thought he could cure me by summertime but that it would involve three sessions a week for several months. While I was calculating what that would add up to, I got a call from my tennis pro, who told me what the court would add up to. Both sums were startling, and I was faced with a dilemma. Should I

build the court I cherished or rebuild the shoulder without which I couldn't use the court? Ignoring everything I'd ever told my sons about thrift and prudence, I embarked simultaneously on both extravagant projects.

That was the first winter. The second winter had its own dramatic moments. The pro had warned me that after we had used the court for one season it would probably require substantial rehabilitation. But neither he nor I had reckoned on a 100-mile-an-hour wind sweeping across Cape Cod and toppling a massive backboard of ours onto the court. In collapsing, it earned with it two stout fence posts and several hundred square feet of fencing. I heard about this mishap the day after it happened in a collect call from a year-round resident of Truro, and after I put in a call to my pro we decided not to clean up the mess until spring. Throughout the winter considerate friends who were passing through Truro kept breaking the sad news to me in phone calls—not all of them, happily, charged to me—and postcards. After four such messages of con-

dolence in a single week, I began to fear that although my physiotherapist had dismissed me I might have to betake myself, for another high-priced round of ministrations, to a psychotherapist.

Repairing the storm damage I allocated to the heading "Abnormal Maintenance." For the owner of a clay court, however, worrying about maintenance is a normal state of affairs. Based on my limited but intense experience, I should say that the minimum necessities for the upkeep of a court like mine consist of a large brush, a roller, running water, 100 feet of hose, a wheelbarrow, a shovel, a rake, a clay pile (these last four for filling in eroded spots caused by downpours) and, most essential of all, two brooms (for sweeping the tapes) and four boys. My wife and I had only the three boys and one broom our first tennis-court summer. We considered them adequate, but marginal. So for the current season we got a second broom. At the suggestion of our faithful tennis pro, we also got a garbage can. It was his idea that we place this near the court and keep loose tennis balls in it. Unfor-



tunately, passers-by who see the receptacle and do not understand its purpose throw garbage into it.

The owner of a new clay court takes pride in its appearance comparable to the pride of a new car owner in its appearance. An automobile, though, will function satisfactorily even when untidy. A clay court won't. We aren't terribly fussy about the way our guests dress. We don't even insist that they wear whites. But we are stuffy about shoes. Mr. Divotdigger, for instance, acquired his sobriquet from cavorting on our court in basketball sneakers with ridged, clay-chewing soles. I finally had to tell him that he was through unless he got some plain-soled shoes. He demurred, he had read in *Life* that the gay set fancied tennis shoes this year. But when I insisted he drove into Provincetown to stock up, taking his four children with him. They were furious, because they wanted to go to the beach, and their father found it difficult to explain why they had to tag along with him.

I like to spend the entire summer in Truro, near my beloved tennis court, not to mention my wife and sons. To save my conscience, I try to work every morning. It is my feeling that the rest of the family should use the court while I am working. They can have it at dawn, as far as I am concerned. The only trouble is that women and teenagers sleep a good part of the morning, and they are forever wanting to get on the court during my time. There also tends to be confusion as to just what my time is. I have instructed the tennis players who more or less regularly frequent our premises that they are welcome to come around any day after lunch. The arrangement is not altogether satisfactory. The players who eat lunch at noon turn up at one o'clock, the late-lunch crowd turns up at 3:30 and the brunch or skip-lunch people are apt to materialize at any hour.

Nor has our tennis life been made any easier by the court's location. It is visible from a public road. One morning when nobody happened to be playing (I was in my study and everybody else was asleep), a car with New Jersey plates pulled into our driveway. A strange couple in commendably spotless whites hopped out, rackets in hand. I intercepted them. "May I help you?" I asked.

"Never mind," the man said. "We're just going to play tennis."

continued



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"I'm sorry, but this is a private court," I said.

"But there's no one on it," the woman said shrilly.

"Sh," I said. "You'll wake my wife."

"Now, look," said the man loudly. "When we rented a place here for the summer, and God knows it wasn't cheap, the real-estate fellow said there'd be plenty of tennis. This court is the only one we've seen, and we're going to play on it."

"No, you're not," I said. I was unaware until later, when my wife complained that my outcries had caused her to leap in alarm from her bed, that my own voice had risen.

When the lady appeared on the verge of tears, I relented. After all, the court was empty and, besides, it was high time my wife was up.

The people we know, or with whom we are at least casually acquainted, have their own beguiling habits. One day last summer, while temporarily *hors de combat* (I had tripped over the roller changing a deep lob), I did some research. Not counting ourselves and our house guests, we had 37 players—12 men, 11 women and 14 children. Of all the requests these visitors made of us, the breakdown of the most frequent ones was as follows: "Can I use the phone?" (3 men, 11 women, 1 child), "Can I use the bathroom?" (1 man, 6 women, 11 children), "We forgot our tennis balls; could you lend us some?" (2 men, 8 women, 4 children), "Do you happen to have a spare Band-Aid?" (2 women, 1 child), "Can I have a drink of water?" (1 man, 9 women, 14 children), "My kids have never played tennis. Can they hit a few when you're finished?" (1 man, 7 women).

The parents who hope their children can just hit a few sometimes wait to ask until the court has been brushed and the tapes have been swept. I have discovered that such children are rarely shod in acceptable footwear and are often accompanied by dogs, which can't bear to be parted from them.

A grape arbor overlooks one side of our court, and in its shade we have set out some chairs for spectators. The arbor is only five and a half feet high, and at its summit are projecting horizontal slats of wood that can deal the unwary a wicked blow. One such accident occurred after a men's-doubles tournament I cooked up one weekend last August (we have a tournament whenever anyone in the

family feels like arranging one). The temperature was close to 100°, and the draw was made one player's wife said he'd have to default, because of the heat. He acquiesced, and his partner, forced to default, too, made some nasty cracks about henpecking. His wife in turn prevailed on a visiting doctor to tell my wife that if the tournament were permitted to take place someone would surely collapse from sunstroke. To my dismay, my wife was bamboozled by this quackery, despite my argument that the doctor was only a psychiatrist and probably knew less about sunstroke than an Eskimo. Notwithstanding, the entrants' wives cooed and canceled the tournament, whereupon the entrants themselves promptly uncoiled it. Within hours Truro had been transformed into a battle-ground evocative of *Lystrata*.

When we defiant men took to the court, our wives were mobilized alongside it, waiting tight-lipped for us—may, it seemed, hoping for us—to keel over. The women had their pet psychiatrist in tow, presumably to render first aid to whichever faction needed it more. Up to the final round, nobody dropped. I somehow reached the finals. My partner was a young man in the bloom of health, and he carried me through three hard-piced sets before we lost. At the end we were exhausted, but we were still on our feet. (So were the winners.) As my partner and I walked off the court, he strode briskly toward the grape arbor. He must have had sweat in his eyes, for he hit one of the horizontals head on and slumped back as if he'd been poleaxed.

The wives were so busy fanning the psychiatrist, who had complained on and off of dizziness, that they were not aware of what had happened until one of them espied my poor partner stretched out on the ground, momentarily stunned. With mingled shrieks of dread and triumph they swooped down, nearly suffocating him. They believe to this day that he was laid low by a combination of sun and stubbornness. (The psychiatrist was no help. He began babbling about mouth-to-mouth respiration, when all the victim needed was some ice for the lump on his forehead.)

I am sometimes asked if I have advice for anyone who is contemplating putting in a private tennis court, and I guess on reflection my recommendation would be not to build it too close to a low-slung grape arbor.

END

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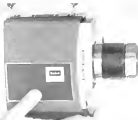


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PEOPLE

"I'm going to New York because there are nine times as many people there to hate me," said Miami's sphenetic Sportscaster **Clare Mosher** as he prepared to head north to become sports director at WOR. "The first thing I'm going to do is blast **Yogi Berra**, **Ralph Houk** and **Casey Stengel** all in one sentence," he said, licking his chubby chops. "Then," he added, "I'm going out and apply for a license for a submachine gun to protect myself."

One of Japan's few authentic love matches occurred in 1959 when **Crown Prince Akihito** met a pretty commoner named **Machiko** on a tennis court and soon after made her his princess. Last week it seemed likely that arrangements of this kind might become the royal fashion as 4-year-old **Prince Naruhito**, the offspring of the marriage, seized a racket of his own and headed for the grass to have a look around (below).

"I believe women look best either stark naked or completely dressed," said **Baroness von Zuylen**, strutting around her Paris apartment fully clothed. "But, just the same, topless suns are an amusing and original idea." The baroness, however, is not an athlete, and Australian Olympic Champion **Dawn Fraser** offered a sports-woman's critique of Rudi Gernreich's innovation in swimming garb. "I know it has been proved that people swim faster in the nude," she said, "but I shall not be seen in a topless suit. I think it's all too cold-blooded." Obviously, so does **Charles de Gaulle**—his French government banned fashion's newest flyer from municipal pools.

Because he heads an oil company that isn't Esso, **Thornton F. Bradshaw** presumably has to get along without a tiger in his tank. But as all the neighbors around Swarthmore, Pa. know, he's a bear in the swimming pool. "I'm

the only member of the family up when I dive into the pool at 6:30 each morning," said **Bradshaw** last week, "but after two lengths I'm wide awake." Which may help to explain why he was just elected president of the huge Atlantic Refining Co.

After watching her horse, **Fury Hanover**, finish sixth in the \$60,000 United Nations Trot at Yonkers last week, Soprano **Anna Medda** was most sympathetic. "Horses and singers are very much alike," she said. "They have their good days and their bad. They are temperamental and sacrifice much for their careers. I understand," she added, "that horses aren't even allowed any sex life until they have finished racing." But there she was wrong. **Duke Rodney**, the winner of the race **Fury** lost, had just returned from a season at stud in Scottsville, N.Y.

Everybody knows that **Philie Pitcher Jim Bennett** hurled the first perfect game in 84 years in the National League but hardly anybody knows that he has a pitching brother **Loa Bennett**, who is five years older than the famous right-hander, once a year takes the mound for the Osborne-Kemper-Thomas calendar company in its annual nine-pitch softball game. After telling everyone that strikeout talent ran in the family, **Loa** faced his first batter of the season. No-hitter? No no-hitter. The first pitch became a homer.

As far as her fellow sunbathers on the beach at Rio de Janeiro could see, it was all there and it was all real. Nevertheless, Brazil's leading magazine *O Cruzeiro* complained that **Ieda Vargas**, Miss Universe of 1963, had falsified—of all things—her nose. Dismissing the charge that she had challenged nature with plastic surgery, the cosmic bounty assisted with an airy sniff: "I was and still am Miss Universe with the nose God gave me."

Some Goldwater fans, they say, would rather fight than switch, but **Jackie Robinson** was a Rockefeller man and he is plan-

ning both to switch and fight. Last week **Jackie** flew into San Francisco to organize committees to stump for Governor **Scrantom**. During his stay the former baseball star proved that he was consistent on one thing—**Casey Stengel**. "He's asleep on the bench," said the flexible Republican, "and a lousy baseball manager."

In a special 100-yard walking race for physicians, Queen Elizabeth's consultant, **Sir Arthur Puritt**, who was an Olympic bronze medal in the 100-meter dash in Paris in 1924, heeled and toed his way to victory. Far behind him, Dr. **Roger Barnister**, the first man ever to run a four-minute mile, toddled as last.

Jerry West of the Los Angeles Lakers is a pretty handy man to have around a net—but there seems to be some confusion about which net. "No matter when I call Jerry," said Laker Manager **Lou Moe**, "he's either gone fishing, going fishing or just back from fishing." "That's pretty true," admitted the complex backcourt man when he finally showed up again—with a trout limit.

After inspecting the raft **Koe-Tik** at a museum near Oslo, Premier **Nikita Khrushchev** turned to Norwegian explorer **Thor Heyerdahl** and offered to go along on his next expedition as a cook. "I am willing to sail with you on the raft," said **Nikita**, "but I warn you that I am not a very good cook." "That doesn't matter," replied **Thor**, "just bring along lots of Russian caviar."

"I had more time to fish when I was playing baseball than I do now," grumbled **Sears, Roebuck** super salesman **Ted Williams** as he threw out a company line in the Gold Cup light-tackle tarpon championship off Islamorada, Fla. But even with all the traveling his current job entails, the onetime Boston Red Sox home run king did not seem out of shape. He landed the largest tarpon of the tournament, a 96½-pounder.



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The Mets' throwback to Cobb

All-Star Ron Hunt plays a flashy, aggressive game that brings fans to their feet and belies the nickname a teammate gave him—Nap Time

Early this season a New York sports columnist, who has long recorded the chatter of athletes more or less precisely, approached Casey Stengel exuding frustration and defeat, common enough emotions, perhaps, for anyone who has been following the New York Mets around.

"What's the trouble?" asked Stengel.

"Well," said the columnist, "I've been interviewing athletes for many years, and this is only the second time I've been unable to interview a guy. That kid out there is polite and everything, but all he says is yes and no."

"Wait a minute," said Stengel, as he summoned the player with a kingly wave of his arm. "I'll get you the story." The player trotted over and Stengel, forgoing his generally ensnared rhetoric and roving verbosity, said, "I want to ask you three questions."

"Did you ever play Triple-A ball?" asked Stengel.

"No," said the player.

"Were you ever in the major leagues?"

"No."

"Well, now," said Stengel, "were you given the job when you came to camp last year?"

"No," said the player.

"There you are, my friend," Stengel said to the columnist. "There's your story. He never played higher than Double-A, never played a game in the majors, and at this time last year nobody thought he could make this ball club except him. He just wouldn't let any one of six other guys take the job away from him."

Include a few facts about his age (23), his height and weight (5 feet 11, 186 pounds), his home (St. Louis), his off-season job (truck driving) and that really would seem to be the whole story of Second Baseman Ron Hunt, a contained young man who happens to be the first New York Met to make the All-Star team and the first to give strong indication that he will not end a young career pinch-hitting at Buffalo. Nothing on or off the field ignites a display of emotion in him, and his sad, frozen expression and his somnolent eyes (Roger Craig used to call him Nap Time) have a way of making a visitor feel uneasy. He makes it plain that it is an imposition to try to open a conversation with him. Talking breeds familiarity, and Hunt does not like to be familiar with people.

"I'm very moody," he says. "I don't like people around me. I just don't have anything to say to them. No, Casey and I don't talk much. I sit a good distance away from him in the dugout, and I like it that way." When Hunt does talk, each word seems to struggle out, and then there is a long pause before another word is spoken. He has cultivated no interests outside of sports, though occasionally he watches the late show just to add a little zing to the evening. His reaction to being named to the All-Star



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secret rules for the magnificent:

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4. *Don't stir.* You don't need to. Schweppes Tonic mixes perfectly with any liquor, without stirring.

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team was typical. "Fine," he said to a reporter who called to tell him. "It didn't matter one way or the other, but you might say I'm a little excited."

Hunt may have been stretching matters to call himself excited, but there is no question about the starring quality of his recent performances. He has been hitting superbly—especially against good pitching—and has stayed well above .300 all season. He can make all the plays, and in his second year in the majors he has become one of the finest second basemen in baseball. "If he has a failing," says Met Coach Don Heffner, "I'd say it's the way he makes the double play. He doesn't do anything mechanically wrong. He has a good arm, and he gets the ball away quickly, but he never tries to avoid the runner. He just stays in there, and he is taking a lot of physical abuse he doesn't have to take."

The point made by Heffner is sharply revealing. By the time a player reaches the majors, the pivot should be a perfunctory maneuver combining footwork, timing, quick hands and judgment. The footwork—either straddling the bag, stepping across the bag or stepping back toward the outfield—is adjusted to the speed of the ground ball and the runners involved. Some players execute the pivot with more imagination than others, but all of them try to vary their styles. It would be easy for Hunt to vary his style, but generally he makes the play straddling the bag, and in this open defiance of danger he reveals his baseball philosophy. It is a mode of behavior that makes the statistics of hits and runs empty figures. "This is a good game now," says Heffner, "but the way Hunt plays it it's a better game. He plays the kind of game that brings you to your feet."

Hunt's "kind of game" is vintage Cobb—without the lacerating spikes or clubhouse threats. It is a style that always attracts suspicion and denision and the most hated of all descriptions: "hot dog." It has a code. No fraternal conviviality, no small talk with the runner around second base, no exchange of bon mots around the batting cage. The player who plays like Hunt is always alone, even, in a sense, on his own team. The style does not conform to the unwritten precepts of modern major league conduct, and the player is never spoken of in the saccharine clichés so often used by

teammates to describe another player. "What they say doesn't bother me," says Hunt. It is all quite simple for him. Others may think they are still playing a game, but not he. Baseball is his business, and he must take advantage of every edge, because a seat in a big-league dugout is not far removed from a seat behind the wheel of a truck loaded with aging cabbage bumping down a bad road. "It's the only way I know how to play," says Hunt; he made the same comment to a bewildered shortstop after running over him in an exhibition game in spring training. And then Hunt adds, after showing (upon request) the thick and then sears that crawl over his left leg: "I take a lot, too, you know. But I don't play to hurt anyone. I just play as hard as I can. The fight with Bailey wasn't my fault."

The incident with Milwaukee Catcher Ed Bailey is a fine illustration of Hunt's disinterest in baseball etiquette. There was a man on first, and Hunt was on second as the play leading up to the battle with Bailey developed. A ground ball was hit to third base. The throw went to second and Hunt, believing there was a good chance Frank Bolling's relay to first would not be in time to complete the double play, raced around third and headed for home. Bolling, however, did not go for the double play, but threw to Bailey at the plate. Hunt crashed into Bailey, but the catcher held the ball for the put-out. Hunt started to walk away; Bailey charged him, and a brawl ensued. It was a typically aggressive play of the kind Hunt has been pulling since he came to the Mets in a \$25,000 conditional deal with the Braves in the spring of last year. "Thinking plays, I call them," says Heffner. "Bunting with two strikes. Diving into first. Stealing home at just the right time. That's the kind of baseball he plays."

"I know nobody likes to lose," Hunt says, "but I just can't stand it. It sort of eats away at me." Jimmy Brown, a member of the old Gashouse Gang and Hunt's manager for three of his four years in the minors, and Solly Hemus, who advised the Mets to make a deal for him, have influenced Hunt greatly. "I guess Hemus gave me the best advice I ever got," says Hunt. "He said a guy has to look out for himself, because no one else is going to."

"You see," says Stengel, "he ain't what you would call the lovable type." **RND**

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BOATING/Hugh Whall

Yo heave ho on a paying guest's chest

They had to shanghai crews in the old days, but the skipper shown at right makes his hands pay to work



When the 74-foot ketch *Stormvogel* ghosted across the finish line well ahead of the largest fleet ever to sail in the Bermuda Race, her owner and skipper, Cornelius Bruynzeel, allowed his dour Dutch face to break into a rare wreath of smiles. "Well," he said, "this makes me very pleased." Then the 15-man crew which had sailed his vessel to her elapsed-time victory broke into a lusty "For he's a jolly good fellow." A few moments later, as the last "and so say all of us" floated out across the milky green water to mingle with the salutatory din of small-boat horns and whistles, one of the crewmen had a sobering second thought. "I dunno why we're singing," he muttered to a mate. "I think we're the jolly good fellows."

He had a point there. Unlike most yachtsmen, Bruynzeel, a lumber millionaire who divides his time between Cape Town, South Africa and Zaandam, Holland, does not believe in paying out good money to feed a bunch of seagoing sponges just because they're willing to work his boat for him. Instead, and uniquely, he believes the privilege of sailing in a racing yacht is one worth paying for. He therefore charges each of his crewmen approximately \$180 a month to hand and steer, wash dishes, swab down the decks, wind winches and do whatever else is necessary to make a boat go.

"The money they pay me doesn't nearly pay the food bill," he says. "But it's a way of getting nice people aboard."

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this policy is that it works. Of the 11 male and two female crewmen who labored to get *Stormvogel* first over the

line at Bermuda last week, only three were not paying hard money for the privilege. Two were close friends of the owner, the other was an invited guest who sweated and strained as hard as any but had to sleep on a settee without blankets in the main saloon while bunks lay empty in the master's cabin.

Other members of the crew were sea-struck amateurs from South Africa, Ireland, England, Argentina, Holland and the U.S., whose occupations varied as widely as their nationalities. There were two marine engineers, one of whom has become so attached to his freewheeling life that he plans to leave *Stormvogel* temporarily at Rio and go to sea in a steamer to earn enough money to continue on around the globe with *Stormvogel*. Also aboard were a commercial artist, a law student, a shopkeeper from Cork, a bearded English expatriate from Cape Town named Jock Hardwicke—described by one of his friends simply as a "retired gent"—and an ex-assistant manager of London's Savoy Hotel.

For decorum's sake, the two female members of the crew bunked forward in a tiny, two-berth cubbyhole filled with a jumble of sails, bagged and unbagged. Both joined *Stormvogel* in Cape Town and will be with her all the way to Rio. Textile Designer Margaret Macdonald, 26, stands watches, pumps winches, spins the wheel and hands sails. Nurse Rosemary Kirkman, 26, is content to wear a bikini and pay \$180 a month to cook for the other 12 ever-hungry crewmen. "My father's a keen yachtsman," she said by way of explaining how she came to be aboard.

"He was in favor of the idea, but my mother had a few doubts. Anyway, here I am."

For most of *Stormvogel's* complement, the 635-mile run from Newport to the Onion Patch was merely an inch or so on the yardstick of her 20,000-mile itinerary up and down and across the Atlantic. Since the light-displacement ketch was built in South Africa three years ago (she is the biggest of her kind ever constructed in that country), she has averaged 20,000 miles every year, and her logbook reads like a tramp steamer's. Only Huey Long's *Ourine* has traveled farther. This year, for example, *Stormvogel* (the name means stormbird in Afrikaans) left Cape Town; crossed the South Atlantic by way of St. Helena to Recife; breezed up through the West Indies to the Bahamas, Miami, New York; did the Bermuda Race; rested there four days; and right now is on her way back to St. Thomas, South America and Rio, where she will lay up for a month or two. Next January, Bruynzeel plans to

cruise her to Buenos Aires for the B.A.-Rio race, then up to Panama, through the Canal, up the Mexican coast and on to Los Angeles in time for the Transpacific Race. Then she goes down to the South Seas, New Zealand, up to Australia to keep an appointment with the Sydney-Hobart Race, on to Japan, Hong Kong and after that Bruynzeel alone knows. Wherever she goes, *Stormvogel* always flies a Dutch flag of convenience since occasionally she has to stop at ports where a Republic of South Africa ensign would be an invitation to trouble. Nevertheless, *Stormvogel* is South African by name, build and, most of all, spirit.

When he is aboard, Bruynzeel commands his vessel from a spacious after-cabin like an omnipotent Captain Ahab. Sometimes he is as stolid as Dutch cheese. At other times, such as when a crewman goofs, he can turn as voluble as Bols gin. When the real skipper is absent, his command is assumed by a young Englishman named John Miles, who could show many a seasoned

navigator a thing or two about fixes.

For long stretches during the Bermuda Race, Bruynzeel stayed in his cabin and left things to Miles, appearing only now and then to take a turn at the wheel or to recommend a sail change. The first two nights out, when the wind blew freshly, he was alert to the possibility that his boat might break the record of 70 hours 11 minutes 37 seconds set eight years ago by the Stephens-designed *Boleyn*. But when the wind blew away, he lost interest in record-making. His only concern then was that *Stormvogel* erase the blot on her log that was put there in 1962 when, a highly touted newcomer, she was beaten across the line by *Northern Light*.

This time her promise was justified and, despite being reduced to a humble 123rd place on corrected time, both captain and crew were satisfied to know that their boat had crossed the line ahead of all the others. Whatever else they may be, the paying, working guests aboard this curious craft are fiercely loyal.

END



Old Spice —with that clean, crisp, masculine aroma!



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

A double deal for Jimmy

In the recent Olympiad, Switzerland played through the entire tournament using only four players, the minimum, against the six-player teams of their opponents. For many sessions the Swiss team led, and only near the end, when fatigue set in, did the team falter, finishing fifth.

One of the durable Swiss was Jimmy Ortiz-Patino, 36, a short, sleek, fiery young man of enormous wealth. The scion of the Swiss-Bolivian family that owns most of the tin mines in South America, Jimmy lives in Europe, where he likes to drive his Ferrari at breakneck speeds along Alpine roads and on the approaches to Paris. His private life provides constant fodder for the society columns. Several years ago Ortiz won some £40,000 in a suit against London's *Daily Mail*, one of the highest libel damages ever awarded in a British court.

Ortiz' hedge life is somewhat less hectic. He is a good player who makes very few errors. He is not the star of the Swiss team—that would be Jean Bosse, rightly considered one of the best players in the world. But Jimmy is a battler who

could hold up his end on any team. He learned to play in 1951 and two years later took part in his first tournament. He has been a member of the Swiss international team since 1955.

One of many controversial hands in which Jimmy has been involved is shown at left. It came up in the European championships. The year was 1961, the place, Torquay, England, the occasion a match between Switzerland and Egypt.

In one room, where the Swiss players held the East-West cards, they played the hand at five diamonds. North-South could collect only two club tricks; West's losing spades were jettisoned on the long hearts after trumps were drawn. Vulnerable game to Switzerland.

In the other room, with Ortiz sitting South, his partner, Pietro Bernasconi, played the hand at four spades. That contract, too, was unbeatable. The declarer ruffed the diamond opening and knocked out the spade ace. Defenders could collect their two heart tricks, but West could not overruff the third round of the suit, and once trumps were drawn South's clubs were good for the rest of the tricks. Again it was vulnerable game to Switzerland, who thus scored at both ends of the table for a 17-IMP swing.

But at this table there had been an incident. When Ortiz bid two spades, East claimed this bid was insufficient because he, East, had bid three diamonds, not two. There was some division of opinion between the players and the scorer; the tournament director was called and ruled that East must have bid two diamonds because that was the bid recorded on the scorer's pad. However, the Egyptian team lodged a protest, and the Appeals Committee rather surprisingly ruled that the director had been mistaken and that East had, in fact, bid three diamonds, so that Ortiz should

have been subject to the penalty for an insufficient bid. Since it was too late to exact the penalty and continue with the play of the board, the committee ruled that the hand would have to be redelt.

This was the redel:

NORTH		EAST	
♠ J 10 9 8		♠ 7 4 3	
♥ 9 8 7		♥ Q	
♦ K 4 2		♦ 10 7 6 5 3	
♣ K Q 4		♣ A 10 8 7	

WEST		SOUTH	
♠ A K Q 6 5		♠ 2	
♥ 6 2		♥ A K J 10 5 4 3	
♦ A		♦ Q J 9 8	
♣ J 9 6 5 3		♣ 2	

When the Egyptians held the North-South cards, they bid four hearts, which the Swiss player sitting West doubled. Declarer might have been defeated in this contract if, after West had cashed his spade ace, he had shifted to his singleton ace of diamonds. He then could have led a club to his partner's ace and trumped a diamond return. But, instead, West followed with a second spade and the doubled contract was safe.

Ortiz, playing the South hand for Switzerland, also opened four hearts, but the Egyptian West, instead of doubling, bid four spades. East's singleton heart, three trumps and key clubs were all West needed to make the contract. Again there had been a double game swing but this time it was in favor of Egypt. Instead of gaining 17 IMPs, the Swiss lost 18. In spite of the 35-point swing, Ortiz and his teammates managed to pull out a 107-91 victory.

END

South dealer
Both sides
vulnerable

NORTH		EAST	
♠ K Q J 10 7		♠ 5 4	
♥ 10 9 8 6 4		♥ A Q J 5	
♦ K Q 5		♦ J 10 7 6 2	
♣ K Q 5		♣ J 6	

WEST		SOUTH	
♠ A 8 2		♠ 9 8 6	
♥ K 2		♥ 7 3	
♦ A K 9 5 4 3		♦ Q K	
♣ 10 2		♣ A 8 7 7 3	

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
PASS	1♠	1♠	2♠
2♠	3NT	4♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		



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The Irrepressible Mr. Mulloy



Now a mellowing 50 but far from mellow, he has spent his life tormenting the Pooh-Bahs of tennis (as at Wimbledon, above) and beating the world's best **BY GILBERT ROGIN**

In 1947, when Gardnar Mulloy was 33, he told the Miami *Daily News* that he was "growing too old" for big-time tennis and that henceforth he was going to confine himself "to a couple of tournaments during vacation time so that I can get together again with the boys." He laid his racket aside and opened the Gardnar Mulloy Cleaners, which went out of business before Mulloy had his first vacation. "I am not fanatically disposed to making money," Mulloy said, picking up his racket, and in 1948 he and Billy Talbert won the national doubles championship for the fourth time. In 1949, when Mulloy was 35, he was being called either the Grand Old Man of Tennis or washed up. In 1952, when Mulloy was 38, he won 16 tournaments and was ranked No. 1 by the U.S.L.T.A. In 1957, when Mulloy was 43, he and Budge Patten became the Wimbledon doubles champions. One evening in the spring of 1964, when Mulloy was 50, he took a sip from his third glass of milk at the close of a dinner in his honor, arose and

said: "Tennis has been good to me. I still consider myself as promising, and I hope to improve. I want to thank you all for coming here tonight to see if I was still alive."

It is Mulloy's ambition to live to be 140 and to win a major tournament at 50 or over. Though remote, the latter is not unattainable. In May, Mulloy defeated 22-year-old Frank Froehling III, who is ranked third in the U.S., to win the Atlanta Invitational, and last February he reached the finals in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., before losing in five sets to Eduardo Zuleta, 29, the No. 1 Ecuadorian player. In two other matches this year, Mulloy defeated Ken Fletcher, 23, the third-ranked Australian, in Barranquilla, Colombia and Jorgen Ulrich, 28, the Danish star, in Monte Carlo.

By no means, however, is Mulloy's fame restricted to the accomplishments of his middle age. For instance, from 1939 through 1954 he was ranked among the top 10 in the U.S. every year—not counting

continued

1943 and 1944, when he was in the Navy—a record that only Frank Parker has surpassed in this century. Nor does Mulloy's reputation rest wholly upon his prowess as a player. Mulloy makes waves upon tennis' sometimes stagnant waters.

There are several explanations that seek to account for Mulloy's astonishing vitality, but they are not altogether valid. It is not true, for instance, that he does not drink. Mulloy has been known to drink. In fact, twice. He got drunk in 1946 in Chicago and again in 1952 in Paris. He also admits to having smoked a couple of cigars around 1926.

Mulloy himself attributes his juvenescence to daily exercise, proper diet, plenty of rest and what he calls food supple-

ments. In New York, where he had an office until recently, Mulloy's favorite exercise is running up flights of subway stairs. "Run hard," Mulloy advises. "Bring your knees up high. People will look at you, but you'll get used to it. Carry a briefcase. The more weight the better." In Miami, where he has his home, Mulloy runs around the block—that is, he runs for 10 yards, stops, runs for 10 more yards, stops, etc. He is also an advocate of running backwards.

Mulloy has orange juice and dry cereal for breakfast and eats an ordinary dinner, eschewing fancy poes and cokes. He does not drink coffee and claims he has never taken an aspirin in his life. "I'm against drugs as a rule," Mulloy says.

"and I've never had a headache." After breakfast he does himself with Vitacare, a powdered vitamin preparation, and for lunch he eats a Nu-V Food Bar. "I guess I'm a food nut," Mulloy says. "My mother is an amateur nutritionist. I was more or less raised on the principle of food fads. I had no choice. We were vegetarians for a year or two until my father started screaming."

By no coincidence, Mulloy's latest job is Chairman of the Athletic Advisory Council of the Comdex Corporation, which puts out the Nu-V Food Bar. The bar weighs 1½ ounces, contains 200 calories and is composed of 23 natural foods—such as palm-kernel oil, mango and watercress—nine vitamins and four minerals. It was developed by Rene Laurens, a French chef who was once a Greco-Roman wrestling champion. According to the *Marion, Ind. News Herald*, M. Laurens has cried on at least one occasion, "C'est magnifique! It is the crowning achievement of my career!"

"My wife ate three bars a day for five days and lost seven pounds," Mulloy cries. "One of my daughters told me, 'It don't taste so good.' [Mulloy has two daughters: Diane, 21, who has been a runner-up Miss Florida, and Janice, 19.] 'Not so loud,' I said, 'I'm in the business.' Really, you'll like it after you've had more than one."

Mulloy feels he is besieged by skeezy, cynics and antifood nuts. "People come up to me at cocktail parties," he says, "and say, 'Hey, Gar, I hear you take a bunch of pills. Makes you feel good, huh? It's all mental.' 'Listen, Buster,' I sell them 'You know more about it than I do, so don't bother me.' They give supplements to pigs, cows, lawns and gasoline, don't they? It is mental for pigs? Almost all the vitamins in the bar are natural and organic. Bugs will eat the Nu-V Food Bar. They'll gnaw right through the wrapping to get at it. Bugs won't touch your ordinary vitamin pill."

Nu-V or not Nu-V, Mulloy is still the fine figure of a man over whom beautiful women have sighed—and more than sighed—from Forest Hills to Koo-yong. "If you cut off Gar's head," says one admirer, "you've got the body of



Never one to pass up a publicist's gag, Mulloy pretended to take up smoking 17 years ago

an 18-year-old." And if you cut off his gray crew cut, you have the face of a 35-year-old. Mulloy's tennis does not show many signs of age either. Although his forehead is not what it used to be, in the sense that he cannot get to balls he once was able to reach, his serve is just as good as ever and his backhand has actually improved with the years. "If it's not too hot or too cold," says Mulloy, "and if all the conditions are right, I can beat anybody. It seldom happens, of course, and I can't struggle through a tournament anymore. You know, I'd be much better if I wasn't so good and so old. Everyone keys on old Gar. As Orlando Sirola, who was the third-ranked Italian, told me after he beat me in five sets at Wimbledon last year, 'I couldn't lose that match. I'd never have lived it down.'"

"No matter what you hear," Mulloy says, "it isn't the legs that go first. It's the eyes. The only reason the legs give out is that the guy's not in shape. It's the eyes. The eyes determine what the legs are going to do. There's where you lose that fraction of a second. It's sad in a way. You always have the feeling that if you play a bad point or loaf, you'll make it up in the next point, the next game, the next set—you never do."

"What hurts me most, is to lose a match I wouldn't have lost in my prime. Isn't it ridiculous! The guy who beat me couldn't have been on the same court with me 10 years ago. I used to be the world's worst sport. Every time I lost, it killed me. I've gotten over that. I'm not so bitterly disappointed these days. As I travel around, I meet old friends—they look old, and fat. 'Ah, Gar,' they say, 'why are you still playing tennis?' You're losing all the time. Why don't you quit and settle down? It burns me up because it's none of their business, but I tell them, 'You're right. I think I will quit and settle down like you say. Get a job, save my money and maybe in 10 years I'll have enough to go to Europe, just like you.' I've been to Europe 35 times, and never as a tourist. Each time I was an invited guest."

"Of course, I can't play as much as I'd like to these days, and I've lost some of the spark. You get sick of competition,

It's too tough, too hot, too dusty. The smaller tournaments that used to be exciting aren't any longer. They seem to be done poorly, and you play against nonentities who have a chance of beating you. When the conditions are bad it bothers me, not the young. I pick my spots now, only play in the tournaments that I enjoy, like Wimbledon, Queen's Club, Monte Carlo."

"I think I'll quit when I don't get a kick out of it any longer. But I keep getting successes, lifts. Let's be honest. Plaudits help you. You feel a little embarrassed when you get them, but you're more embarrassed when you don't. I don't think I'll ever quit. I guess I'm just a tennis degenerate."

There have been better tennis players than Gardnar Mulloy, but no man has ever played better longer. His only conceivable rival in this respect is Bill Tilden, who took his seventh men's singles title at 36 and turned pro shortly thereafter. Mulloy played an exhibition match with Tilden in 1945 when Tilden was 52. "I'm better than he was at a comparable age—when we were both over the hill," says Mulloy. "I haven't slipped as much as he did."

Mulloy has won 28 national titles, including four USLTA and one clay-court doubles with Talbert; two hard-court mixed doubles with Mrs. Patricia Canning Todd; one Public Parks singles; and three father-and-son titles with his father, Robin. His other 17 championships have been in seniors' events, for which he was not eligible until he turned 45.

Despite his various victories, Mulloy's reputation is generally linked with Talbert's, for it was as a doubles team in which Talbert, the consistent playmaker, set up the shots for Mulloy's forehead, that both men played their most memorable tennis. All told, they won seven national doubles championships—two of them senior titles—and 91 out of 96 matches, their only losses being to Australians. No other team in 50 years has had such success.

During his prolonged career Mulloy has won several hundred tournaments,

has possession of 18 challenge bowls and has two legs on four others. "They don't make good trophies anymore," he says. "I've gotten rid of all the ones that are no good—the wood, tin, the bronze. I've kept all the sterling."

The USLTA singles championship has always eluded Mulloy, however. In fact, he only reached the finals once, in 1952. At present, Mulloy cannot even play in this event if he chooses to defend his senior title. There is a USLTA rule, which Mulloy refers to as the Mulloy Rule, that prohibits a senior singles entrant from playing in two concurrent events, and the senior and men's championships take place on the same dates. Mulloy is embittered by this regulation and is convinced that it was specifically formulated with him in mind. "They [the USLTA] told me they passed it because of scheduling problems and because it might endanger someone's health," he says. "They passed it because they are sore at me. I've been fighting for six years to convince them it's stupid. I told them it wouldn't hurt me, that I would enhance the men's tournament because I have a following, that I have a good chance of beating almost anyone. Each committee member told me, 'Gee, I guess you're right, Gar. I'll vote for amending it.' The amendment was unanimously defeated. I called them all liars. I held an interview and blasted them. Then one of them told me the real reason for the rule was that I might have beaten someone who could have eventually won the men's tournament."

"Wherever I go, I'm interviewed first," Mulloy says. "I'm always able to dream up something exciting to say, something colorful. Last year I called Chuck McKinley and Dennis Ralston crybabies. They are! McKinley wouldn't talk to me. Ralston didn't care. I told him, 'Don't worry what I say about you in the papers. Don't take it personally. Just think, all your friends are mad at me, not at you, and you have as many friends as I have.' No matter what you say, 50% of the people are going to object to it and 50% will think you're great, but if you're a nice guy, 50% will think you're stupid."

As Red Smith once said, "Gardnar has no special gift for silence," or, as

(continued)

Mulloy puts it, "One trouble with me is I'm too outspoken, but when I believe in something I fight for it."

When Mulloy was 10 he believed in a tree that grew in the middle of the street by his home in Miami. "It was a tremendous, beautiful old tree," he recalls. "One day some men came to cut it down, I protested and they told me the tree prevented a traffic hazard. I told them there wasn't hardly any traffic on our street. They weren't impressed, so I climbed up the tree and told them that if they cut it down I was going down with it. I admit that besides it being such a beautiful tree I had a personal interest in its preservation—my tree house was in it. The men came up after me, but I was a little kid and I climbed up to the top limb, which was too skinny to hold their weight. When they finally gave up and left, I climbed down and called the mayor. Whoever I got, I explained the problem to him. 'This is not progress,' I said. The next day, newspaper photographers came out and took a picture of my sister with the tree. The men never returned, and then the rest of the neighborhood said I was so right."

Another example of his high-mindedness (or high-handedness) occurred during World War II when Mulloy, then a naval lieutenant, was the captain of an LST. Once, on a voyage from Naples to Anzio, a British general and his chief of staff were Mulloy's passengers. At the dinner table the next night out, the general began making insulting remarks about Americans. "General," Mulloy says he said, "as long as you are a guest aboard my ship, I would appreciate your not making derogatory remarks about the Americans." The general paid him no heed. "General," Mulloy said, "if you do not stop this attack on Americans, I shall be forced to take more drastic action." "Who the blazes do you think you are?" the general inquired. "I'm the commanding officer of this ship," Mulloy said, "and as long as you are aboard it you are under my command." The general told Mulloy he did not have sufficient authority to order him to do anything. "I'm sorry, General," Mulloy said, "but if you refuse to keep quiet, I shall confine you to your

quarters." At this, the chief of staff up and spoke. "Captain Mulloy," spoke he, "I advise you not to address a general in this outrageous manner." "My last remarks go for you, too, Colonel," said Mulloy. "If you dare to take any such action," the general said, "I shall put in the most severe report on you I can make." Mulloy summoned the officer of the deck and the master-at-arms and, pointing to his guests, said, "Escort these two gentlemen to their cabin." Whereupon they took the British officers by the arms and began to lead them from the mess. The general wrenched himself free at the door. "Captain," he said, "you have not heard the last of this." In that, the general was wrong. Mulloy never heard about the matter again. "Not to have defended my own country on my own ship would have been disastrous for morale," he explains.

Until he was forced to withdraw from this year's tournament because of a slipped disc, Mulloy had played at Wimbledon for 16 consecutive years, but his peculiar charms seldom endeared him to the British. Once, at the Hurlingham Club garden party, which takes place the Sunday before Wimbledon, he wore a jacket with "If You Can't Beat Me You Need Lessons" written on the back. Another time, Mulloy took off nine sweaters in two sets to ridicule a Wimbledon rule that states a player must start a match wearing a sweater. "Wimbledon was getting too staid," he said. "There weren't any laughs." He once took to the court at Wimbledon hearing the inscription *HEAD END* on the seat of his shorts, and when the tournament committee at Queen's did not accede to his request that, because of his failing sight, his matches be scheduled before twilight, Mulloy played wearing a miner's hat, and was only prevented by an umpire from appearing with a Seeing Eye dog.

In 1953, in the course of the Queen's Club championships, Mulloy became so incensed at a linesman's calls he threw his racket in the official's direction and stomped off the court. "I was robbed,"

he told the reporters. "I should have won 5-0 or officiating stinks." According to Mulloy, most newspapers were content to publish those remarks, but the *Daily Herald* correspondent wrote, "After the incident, Mulloy said, 'Sure I threw the racket at the linesman.'" Mulloy contends he said no such thing, but then it has been said that Gardner Mulloy has claimed he was misquoted in more cities, countries and different languages than any other living athlete.

A few days later, Jack Pearl wrote in the *Sunday Pictorial*: "Gardner Mulloy, American lawyer and amateur tennis star, hereinafter referred to as the Miami Mouthpiece, should throw his racket over a cliff and forget to let go. For years, he has indulged his ego with a disgusting disregard for the decorencies and decorum of tennis courts all over the world. Mulloy is the only man I ever knew with two elbows on his shoulder. . . . We want no part of your peevish, spoils-child act. . . . The British public did not find your asinine antics even faintly amusing. They recognize them for what they are—damn bad manners."

Mulloy started a libel action. The defense charged that Mulloy threw his racket at the linesman, missing him by two yards, and further demonstrated his annoyance by spitting. It also cited other unseemly incidents in additional tournaments. Mulloy's barrister told him that if the defense could prove only one charge a British jury could not be expected to be sympathetic toward him, and advised him to withdraw the suit. Mulloy reluctantly did so at, he points out, a cost of £142 10s. 7d., and fired off a piece to the *Miami Daily News*, for which he was writing a column. It read, in part, "All one hears over here is what great sportsmen the British are. I've got news for you; the English are no better sports than the spectators in other countries, and, in my opinion, worse than some." And, as he wrote on another occasion: "The common belief that sports competition creates good international relationships is bunk. The press won't allow it."

In his autobiography, *The Will to Win*, Mulloy takes pains to "expose the myth of British sportsmanship." He analyzes

at length the different standards of behavior at football and cricket matches, and concludes, "It is easy to see how the British have made their stupendous piece of musing. They have tried to apply to the games which later became popular the sportsmanship rules of cricket. That these other games are temperamentally unsuited to them they refuse to admit."

It sometimes seems that everyone, indeed every *thing*, connected with tennis—the players, the officials, the USLTA, the rankings, the Davis Cup selections, the very game itself—has at one time or another been the object of Mulloy's impartial wrath. For instance, Mulloy has called Ted Schroeder "boorish" and has recounted how he once dumped the remains of his salad on Schroeder's head and his soup in Schroeder's lap when Schroeder insisted on helping himself to Mulloy's plate. (Coincidentally, during Mulloy's courtship of Madeleine Cheney, who is now his wife, she dumped a can of paint over his head after he hit her with a paintbrush.)

Mulloy has many recommendations for improving tennis. He thinks it absurd that the players must always wear white, pointing out that white makes the worst possible background; he believes the spectators should be allowed to make all the noise they want to and not suffer the indignity of being reprimanded by the umpire; he feels the linesmen should be eliminated and that the players should call their own balls, with the umpire acting as arbiter; and he says the American ball is too hard and ought to be replaced by the larger, softer European ball to reduce the speed of the game. "Ground strokes can't be learned with the ball we now use," Mulloy says, "so you have the serve-and-volley game, which is boring."

Mulloy's main gripe is that tennis matches should be composed of two out of three sets instead of three out of five. "The USLTA says two out of three is not a true test of tennis," Mulloy says. "So who says three out of five is? Why not four out of seven, five out of eight, six out of 11? The USLTA says two out of three would penalize the slow starter. I say three out of five penalizes the fast

starter. The USLTA says look how exciting the fifth set is. I say think how exciting the third set would be. Tennis is a game of skill, I tell them, not a marathon. Sure, Gar, they say, look how old you are. Listen, Buster, I say, I said the same thing when I was 20. I can't convince them of anything.

"I used to be quite a crusader in tennis," Mulloy said recently, "but I've calmed down a great deal. Fighting the USLTA isn't discouraging—it's absolutely hopeless, and just because I recommend something, it's no good. I'm the only one. The other players are scared of the USLTA.

"When I once criticized the Newport tournament, I wasn't invited back the following year. Isn't this America? Can't you say what you want? Then, in 1953, when I had been ranked No. 1, they wanted me to play there. They forgave me, said let bygones be bygones. I said I'd consider entering if I got the invitation from Jimmy Van Alen, who was the Newport tournament director. Finally Van Alen called me. I told him that I wouldn't enter his tournament. It was a dirty trick, making the guy crawl. I didn't play Newport then and I haven't since, but Van Alen is a very good friend of mine. I don't hold grudges."

Mulloy has called the USLTA "reactionary," even "un-American." "I say exactly what I feel," he says. "I write articles. They don't like my choice of words. I call them 'stupid, stupid,' and most of the members are good friends of mine. I think people in tennis like me individually, but collectively they don't like me."

Mulloy is equally dismayed by the Davis Cup committee. "The people who run it," he says, "have no concept of what they're doing. To be on the Davis Cup team is an honor, and it should be earned. Membership shouldn't be subject to politics, sectionalism, being a Californian or being the captain's favorite. I think I'd be a great Davis Cup captain. Last year I was very surprised that Ed Turville [the USLTA president] didn't pick me for captain; he and I started out in tennis together. He didn't have the guts to put me in, although he instinctively wanted to. He must have

been afraid of what Gar would say."

Gardnar Mulloy was born in Washington, D.C., grew up in Miami, where his father was in the lumber business, and learned his tennis on a court that his father had built in the backyard. Despite the fact that he was the top player on his high school team, the 155-pound Mulloy really fancied himself a football star. Between 1930 and 1932 he was the captain of a sandlot team called the Mulloy Boncrushers, which competed in a league with the Allapata Rockcrushers, the Miramar Goops and the Fort Dallas Fairies. It was, however, Mulloy's bones that were crushed. Before his football career was over, he had broken his collarbone, smashed a wrist and had been carried off the field with a severe concussion. He got into the University of Miami on a football scholarship, for Miami awarded no tennis scholarships—at least no tennis team. Mulloy formed the team, recruited the players, solicited the funds and was the star and the coach. He was also a collegiate boxer (his left ear is slightly cauliflowerized as a result) until a sensational knockout he received ended that, and for a time he was the sixth-ranking three-meter diver in the U.S.

Mulloy has never done as well off the tennis court as he has on it. He says he is a frustrated architect, but since the University of Miami did not have an architecture course, he went to law school to please his father, who was a frustrated lawyer, and barely got by. Mulloy practiced in Miami for a while, but he does not care for the law. "I don't like other people's troubles," he says. "And there's too much research. I'm impetuous, and a court case is never finished per se. And the calendar's always filled."

Mulloy even ran for mayor of Miami once on the suggestion of his law partners. "It was a debacle," he says. "I made some lousy speeches. I had a name but no chance. My opponents promised things they couldn't deliver, changing their stories depending upon what neighborhood they were speaking in, appeasing everybody. It completely surprised me. I

continued



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Mr. Mulloy

couldn't tell the colored I'd tear down their slums and then tell the landlords I'd keep them up."

Mulloy has not held any one job for more than a few years—perhaps because of his inflexible, virtuous, cantankerous and rather naive outlook, and perhaps because he was always off playing tennis. From the time he got out of law school his real business was amateur tennis—the play-for-not-too-much-pay circuit. While he was accepting invitations to be the guest of elegant tennis clubs in Monte Carlo, Copenhagen and Southampton and participating in their tournaments, at least two businesses he was "connected with" went the way of the Gardner Mulloy Cleaners or took Mulloy to the cleaners. His most promising job was as an administrative assistant to M. H. (Bud) Robineau, the president of the Frontier Refining Company in Denver. With that post, Mulloy thought he had again quit tennis, but he was met at the Denver airport by Robineau attired in full tennis kit and asking Mulloy where his racket was because they had a match. Mulloy managed to win the U.S. Indoor senior doubles with Robineau, but then he made a mistake for which not even a skillful backhand can compensate—he fired Robineau's son-in-law.

"I feel I'm an executive," Mulloy says, "but people are hesitant to employ me because they say I play too much tennis. I feel I can have my cake and eat it, but they don't. Whether you're needed or not, you should be in the office—that's their feeling. They'll slap you on the back, tell you how often they've seen you play and how they enjoyed it—but not here, in this office."

Fortunately for Mulloy, C. E. (Dug) Duggan, the president of Comider, seems to have a more lenient view. "We hope that business won't interfere too much with Gar's tennis efforts..." he has written. "He is expected to retain his senior title at the Nationals... this coming fall... a great feat for any businessman."

Mulloy does not think tennis is played as well today as it was when he was starting out on the circuit. "It can't be," he says. "I can still compete in world class and I'm 50. When I was a kid I

used to play 10 or 15 sets a day. They don't do that anymore. They don't practice. They don't learn. They're too dependent on their parents. How do I get to the tournament? Where do I stay? When I was a kid, I hitchhiked, ate or ate a day, a poor-boy sandwich meal in the locker room or out under a tree. I wasn't pumpered. It's all a joke too easy for them these days."

"Several years back, I played a leading California youngster and beat him 6-2, 6-3. After the match I was asked what I thought of my opponent. I said I thought he was very good, very promising and that he might even go all the way. I was then asked what the score of our match had been. I said 2-2 [meaning 6, 2, 6, 2]. I then heard this woman shrieking, 'How dare you say it was 2-2? It was 2-3!' I asked who she was and I was told it was the kid's mother. 'May I reappraise my opponent?' I said. 'He'll never be any good. He has too much mother.' And he has never amounted to anything and he never will. He can't get away from his mother. He's all right when he plays at home, but when he travels..."

"I've never made any money in my life," Mulloy said the other day in his faintly nasal, whining voice which, in conjunction with his good looks, brings to mind some silent screen star who failed with the advent of talkies because of the unexpected and inappropriate manner in which he delivered his lines. "You don't make a fortune playing amateur tennis, no matter what they say. Of course, I've never milked a tournament. Once, at Lugano, I even gave my money back because it rained for seven straight days. But I've been able to survive comfortably. Many of my friends have been very successful, but have they enjoyed their success? I think I'm way ahead of everyone else, and although I've made some mistakes, I've done what I've wanted to. I've led an enjoyable life. I have no regrets. What is life? Whatever it is, you only live it once, I guess."

"I figure I can keep cleaning up in senior play until 1968," he said, unwrapping a Nu-V bar. "That's when Vic Sevens turns 45."

END

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HARRISON RADIATOR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

BASEBALL'S WEEK

NATIONAL LEAGUE The CINCINNATI Reds (7-1) hardly provoked fear among opponents with their bats last week. The Reds had only two homers and just 16 extra-base hits out of 65. Combined with a stingy 2.10 ERA for the pitching staff, however, those singles went a long way as the Reds moved back up to third place. Starters Jim Maloney, Jim D'Toile and John Taitouris won twice each, and Pete Rose and Marty Keough hit .417 and .409, splitting the Reds' pair of home runs. It required an almost perfect performance to beat Cincy, and that's just what the CHICAGO Cubs' (3-5) right-hander Larry Jackson threw at them, a one-hitter, for one of his two wins. The other came on a two-out, ninth-inning, three-run homer by Ron Santo, one of his four for the week. In all, the Cubs hit nine home runs, but had pitching—they used 18 pitchers in their five losses—muffled the explosion. The HOUSTON Colt .45s split eight games in a home-run spurge equal to the Cubs', but still could not halt a slide to ninth place. The nine homers, including four by Walt Bond, equalled their best one-week production ever. Here, too, erratic pitching was responsible for the decline: Houston had a 1.00 ERA in the four wins, but allowed 28 runs in the losses. Houston fell only to ninth because the NEW YORK Mets (2-6), losers of 20 of their last 24, were already 14½ games below the Colts. Casey's boys, however, continued to annoy the SAN FRANCISCO Giants (4-3). The Mets have won more games (5) from the Giants than they have from any other team, beating them once last week on a ninth-inning, two-run homer by Jesse Gonder. The Giants moved into first place for the first time since early June on the shutout pitching of Ron Herbol and Gaylord Perry, but they did not stay there long. The PHILADELPHIA Phillies (5-3) defeated them twice and took over the lead on July 4. Second-

year Pitcher Ray Culp and Jim Bunting, who won twice, beat the Giants with low-run performances while Chris Short allowed only two runs in two wins. The long-ball hitting was timely, too: Johnny Callison's two-run homer beat the Dodgers 3-2, and Wes Covington hit one for two runs in the 11th to defeat San Francisco. The MILWAUKEE Braves also used the home run to win two games, and strong hitting by Rico Carty (.480) and Gene Oliver (.500) won three more, but three losses at the end of the week dropped them to eighth place. The LOS ANGELES Dodgers (4-2), threatened with big salary cuts by Owner Walter O'Malley, moved from ninth to seventh as Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax each picked up his 11th victory of the year. Losing six of seven, the PITTSBURGH Pirates dropped four one-run games and fell to fourth. With only two home runs all week, both by Julian Javier, the ST. LOUIS Cardinals (1-5) moved into the first division briefly but could not stay there despite strong pitching by lefties Ray Sadock (2 wins) and Curt Simmons.

AMERICAN LEAGUE "I'm the boss," said Birdie Tebbets, billing manager of the CLEVELAND Indians (1-7), when he stepped onto the field Friday for the first time this season. Tebbets quickly showed what he meant when he put Tito Francoza into the starting lineup for the first time in 49 games. Then he left the park to get some rest, and Francoza collected four of the team's six hits and drove in the winning run in the 11th inning to break a six-game Indian losing streak. The chief beneficiaries of the Indians' poor play were the CHICAGO White Sox (5-2), who defeated them three times. The Sox got superb pitching from starters Gary Peters and Joel Horlen and reliever Hoyt Wilhelm, who pulled out of a slump to win twice. Rebounding for the DETROIT Tigers (5-4) was

another veteran, Hank Aguirre, who won his first game in seven weeks with a three-hitter. The next night Mickey Lolich pitched a five-hitter. It was the first time this year that Tiger pitchers have thrown back-to-back complete games. These two, followed by low-run performances by Phil Regan and Dave Wickenscham, plus 11 Tiger homers, pulled Detroit up from eighth to fifth. Moving down at the same time were the LOS ANGELES Angels, who got another game-winning home run—this time a grand slam—from Wonderful Willie Smith, but still lost five of seven. The MINNESOTA Twins (3-3) hit 13 home runs and enjoyed some strong pitching by Dick Stigman, rookie Jerry Arigo and relievers Al Worthington and John Klippstein. The Twins seemed ready for a run at the top until they ran into the NEW YORK Yankees (6-3) and lost both ends of a July 4 doubleheader. Mickey Mantle won one of the games with a three-run, eighth-inning homer, but otherwise the Yanks failed to deliver in the clutch, as they lost two of three extra-inning games. KANSAS CITY (3-3) won one of those overtime games with New York, climbed out of the cellar and felt right back the next day. The BOSTON Red Sox (4-4) teetered on the edge of the first division, but slid back to sixth when Dick Radatz was assaulted by back-to-back homers in the 10th inning of Friday's game. In the two days before, Sox pitching had been clobbered for 29 runs. The WASHINGTON Senators' (3-5) games were all decided by one or two runs, with John Kennedy connecting for a ninth-inning, three-run homer to win one and Benne Daniels and Ron Kline combining to pinch a five-hit, 12-inning victory in another. The first-place BALTIMORE Orioles (4-2, see page 12) held on to a three-game lead with tight pitching, the best performance coming from rookie Wally Bunker, who threw a one-hitter, bringing his season's record to 8-2.



BOB ALLISON: A LOT OF WORK AT FIRST

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Bob Allison of the Minnesota Twins has always been a hard worker. During the baseball season he runs a weekly television program. He is also player representative for his team and the American League. When the season is over, he puts on a business suit, picks up his briefcase and becomes Robert Allison, sales representative and public relations man for Coca-Cola. So when Minnesota Manager Sam Mele told Allison this spring that he would have to learn to play first base because Mele wanted hard-hitting young Tony Oliva to take over Allison's old right-field job, Bob took the change with enthusiasm. "It means work," he said, "but you have to work if you want to succeed."

A lot of Minnesota fans were less enthusiastic about the move, claiming it would simply make a mediocre first baseman out of a good right fielder. They did not know Bob Allison. Allison has been so good this season he was chosen for the American League All-Star team, not because of his fielding, but because of his hitting. Never in his six previous major league years has Allison hit as he is hitting this year. His lifetime average is only .258, but this season he has been well over .300. Last week Allison had 11 hits, including four doubles and two home runs. He leads the league in doubles with 23, and is second in home runs with 21 and in runs scored with 60. His average of .336 is also tops. No. 27 Why, Tony Oliva, the man who made Bob Allison a first baseman.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING—**DON McMANAMA** (U.S.) sailed **HINGO** to three wins and a second in seven races last November. R.I. is now the U.S. skipper, having led the 1984 U.S. Open. With a 1984 team from South and his brother, he sailed the 1984-85 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season.

More than 200,000 lined the banks of the Detroit River to watch Benetton pilot Seattle's triplane **MINI BARDHAG** at an average 101.780 mph for her second straight Gold Cup title in Detroit. **EASTFINDER**, Chandler Hovey's 1984-85 season, was the 1984-85 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season.

BOILING—A crowd of over 40,000 cheered as **FLOID PATTERSON**, southern Irish-born Canadian, won the 1984-85 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season.

LAZLO PAPFI (Hungary), the undefeated European middleweight champion, knocked out a 1984-85 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season.

GOLF—After watching the final round of the 1984-85 season, Mr. and Mrs. Phil DeGroot's **DOUG BUCKLEY** (U.S.) won the 1984-85 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season.

HARNESS RACING—In his second start of the season, Mr. and Mrs. Phil DeGroot's **DOUG BUCKLEY** (U.S.) won the 1984-85 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season.

SUPPLYING **HIL DUFF SNEAR** (1984-85) owned by Mattson and Mrs. Phil DeGroot's **DOUG BUCKLEY** (U.S.) won the 1984-85 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season.

HORSE RACING—Captain Harry F. Guggenheim's 1984-85 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season.

SEVER SPORTS—In a thrilling finish **A. J. JOY** pulled off a 1984-85 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season.

ROWING—The Royal Henley Regatta's Grand Challenge Cup went to the U.S.K.R. which outpowered defending champion University of London by three lengths in the final, after a strong race by the Thames Club of Britain in the semi-finals at Henley-on-Thames. In the final, the U.S.K.R. won by three lengths.

INQUIRY—**RODMAN**, a 1984-85 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season.

TENNIS—**ARISTOTELIS ROY EMERSON** (U.S.) won the 1984-85 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season.

TRACK & FIELD—In two days of competition, among more than 250 athletes in 17 events on New York City's Randall's Island, the first members of the U.S. Olympic team were selected. Over 200 athletes in 17 events on New York City's Randall's Island, the first members of the U.S. Olympic team were selected.

BASEBALL—**JOHN THOMAS**, high jumper (5'11 1/2"), and **JOHN THOMAS**, high jumper (5'11 1/2"), and **JOHN THOMAS**, high jumper (5'11 1/2").

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FACES IN THE CROWD



CLARENCE BOWER, 14, son of a McGraw, was a crowd member at a month-long event for five years, defeated 13-year-old Louis Harris of Cumberland, Md. (11 games to tie) in one of the shortest finishes ever played in tennis. He is now skipper of the U.S. team in the 1985-86 season.



ENSIGN STEVE MARTIN of Bay Ridge, Md., who graduated in June from the U.S. Coast Guard Academy in New London, Conn., entered 11 other slippers to win the three-day intercollegiate single-handed sailing championships on Seattle's Lake Washington.



JIM BOSTWICK, an all-around athlete from Brookville, N.Y., who holds the U.S. country-term title and also excels at racquet and ice hockey, beat Baron Paul Robin of Belgium 8 and 7 in the 36-hole final for the French Amateur golf championship in Deauville.



JACK WHALING of Glendale, Calif., celebrated his 25th wedding anniversary with a fishing trip to Hawaii and caught a world-record (pending) 1,093-pound Pacific blue marlin. He took one hour and 30 minutes to land the big fish on his 130-pound test line.



STEVE CAMINITI, a former bantam at Cresta Caminito High in Encino, Calif., broke a U.S. schoolboy record and tied another this spring. He equaled the mark of 13.7 in the 120-yard high hurdles and set a new standard of 18.1 in the 180-yard low hurdles.



BOB GOELTZ, 17, who plays tennis at Landon School in Bethesda, Md., overpowered Peter Finkbein of Great Neck, N.Y. 6-2, 6-4, 8-6 for the U.S.LTA intercollegiate title and then paced with teammate Dick Dell to take the doubles in Wallingford, Mass.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—Walt Kline; 12—13—14—15—16—17—18—19—20—21—22—23—24—25—26—27—28—29—30—31—32—33—34—35—36—37—38—39—40—41—42—43—44—45—46—47—48—49—50—51—52—53—54—55—56—57—58—59—60—61—62—63—64—65—66—67—68—69—70—71—72—73—74—75—76—77—78—79—80—81—82—83—84—85—86—87—88—89—90—91—92—93—94—95—96—97—98—99—100—101—102—103—104—105—106—107—108—109—110—111—112—113—114—115—116—117—118—119—120—121—122—123—124—125—126—127—128—129—130—131—132—133—134—135—136—137—138—139—140—141—142—143—144—145—146—147—148—149—150—151—152—153—154—155—156—157—158—159—160—161—162—163—164—165—166—167—168—169—170—171—172—173—174—175—176—177—178—179—180—181—182—183—184—185—186—187—188—189—190—191—192—193—194—195—196—197—198—199—200—201—202—203—204—205—206—207—208—209—210—211—212—213—214—215—216—217—218—219—220—221—222—223—224—225—226—227—228—229—230—231—232—233—234—235—236—237—238—239—240—241—242—243—244—245—246—247—248—249—250—251—252—253—254—255—256—257—258—259—260—261—262—263—264—265—266—267—268—269—270—271—272—273—274—275—276—277—278—279—280—281—282—283—284—285—286—287—288—289—290—291—292—293—294—295—296—297—298—299—300—301—302—303—304—305—306—307—308—309—310—311—312—313—314—315—316—317—318—319—320—321—322—323—324—325—326—327—328—329—330—331—332—333—334—335—336—337—338—339—340—341—342—343—344—345—346—347—348—349—350—351—352—353—354—355—356—357—358—359—360—361—362—363—364—365—366—367—368—369—370—371—372—373—374—375—376—377—378—379—380—381—382—383—384—385—386—387—388—389—390—391—392—393—394—395—396—397—398—399—400—401—402—403—404—405—406—407—408—409—410—411—412—413—414—415—416—417—418—419—420—421—422—423—424—425—426—427—428—429—430—431—432—433—434—435—436—437—438—439—440—441—442—443—444—445—446—447—448—449—450—451—452—453—454—455—456—457—458—459—460—461—462—463—464—465—466—467—468—469—470—471—472—473—474—475—476—477—478—479—480—481—482—483—484—485—486—487—488—489—490—491—492—493—494—495—496—497—498—499—500—501—502—503—504—505—506—507—508—509—510—511—512—513—514—515—516—517—518—519—520—521—522—523—524—525—526—527—528—529—530—531—532—533—534—535—536—537—538—539—540—541—542—543—544—545—546—547—548—549—550—551—552—553—554—555—556—557—558—559—560—561—562—563—564—565—566—567—568—569—570—571—572—573—574—575—576—577—578—579—580—581—582—583—584—585—586—587—588—589—590—591—592—593—594—595—596—597—598—599—600—601—602—603—604—605—606—607—608—609—610—611—612—613—614—615—616—617—618—619—620—621—622—623—624—625—626—627—628—629—630—631—632—633—634—635—636—637—638—639—640—641—642—643—644—645—646—647—648—649—650—651—652—653—654—655—656—657—658—659—660—661—662—663—664—665—666—667—668—669—670—671—672—673—674—675—676—677—678—679—680—681—682—683—684—685—686—687—688—689—690—691—692—693—694—695—696—697—698—699—700—701—702—703—704—705—706—707—708—709—710—711—712—713—714—715—716—717—718—719—720—721—722—723—724—725—726—727—728—729—730—731—732—733—734—735—736—737—738—739—740—741—742—743—744—745—746—747—748—749—750—751—752—753—754—755—756—757—758—759—760—761—762—763—764—765—766—767—768—769—770—771—772—773—774—775—776—777—778—779—780—781—782—783—784—785—786—787—788—789—790—791—792—793—794—795—796—797—798—799—800—801—802—803—804—805—806—807—808—809—810—811—812—813—814—815—816—817—818—819—820—821—822—823—824—825—826—827—828—829—830—831—832—833—834—835—836—837—838—839—840—841—842—843—844—845—846—847—848—849—850—851—852—853—854—855—856—857—858—859—860—861—862—863—864—865—866—867—868—869—870—871—872—873—874—875—876—877—878—879—880—881—882—883—884—885—886—887—888—889—890—891—892—893—894—895—896—897—898—899—900—901—902—903—904—905—906—907—908—909—910—911—912—913—914—915—916—917—918—919—920—921—922—923—924—925—926—927—928—929—930—931—932—933—934—935—936—937—938—939—940—941—942—943—944—945—946—947—948—949—950—951—952—953—954—955—956—957—958—959—960—961—962—963—964—965—966—967—968—969—970—971—972—973—974—975—976—977—978—979—980—981—982—983—984—985—986—987—988—989—990—991—992—993—994—995—996—997—998—999—1000—1001—1002—1003—1004—1005—1006—1007—1008—1009—1010—1011—1012—1013—1014—1015—1016—1017—1018—1019—1020—1021—1022—1023—1024—1025—1026—1027—1028—1029—1030—1031—1032—1033—1034—1035—1036—1037—1038—1039—1040—1041—1042—1043—1044—1045—1046—1047—1048—1049—1050—1051—1052—1053—1054—1055—1056—1057—1058—1059—1060—1061—1062—1063—1064—1065—1066—1067—1068—1069—1070—1071—1072—1073—1074—1075—1076—1077—1078—1079—1080—1081—1082—1083—1084—1085—1086—1087—1088—1089—1090—1091—1092—1093—1094—1095—1096—1097—1098—1099—1100—1101—1102—1103—1104—1105—1106—1107—1108—1109—1110—1111—1112—1113—1114—1115—1116—1117—1118—1119—1120—1121—1122—1123—1124—1125—1126—1127—1128—1129—1130—1131—1132—1133—1134—1135—1136—1137—1138—1139—1140—1141—1142—1143—1144—1145—1146—1147—1148—1149—1150—1151—1152—1153—1154—1155—1156—1157—1158—1159—1160—1161—1162—1163—1164—1165—1166—1167—1168—1169—1170—1171—1172—1173—1174—1175—1176—1177—1178—1179—1180—1181—1182—1183—1184—1185—1186—1187—1188—1189—1190—1191—1192—1193—1194—1195—1196—1197—1198—1199—1200—1201—1202—1203—1204—1205—1206—1207—1208—1209—1210—1211—1212—1213—1214—1215—1216—1217—1218—1219—1220—1221—1222—1223—1224—1225—1226—1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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WHITE CARTERS

Sirs:

William Leggett's article on the Chicago White Sox "fatal" encounters with the Yankees and Orioles (*The White Sox Hes that Failed*, June 29) was the most depressing piece I have ever read in your magazine.

DAVID RICE

Wayzata, Minn.

Sirs:

Even though the Chicago White Sox blew most of their recent games with the contenders from Baltimore and New York, they still are the best baseball team in both leagues.

The White Sox do not rely on great stars as the Yankees do, they rely upon teamwork, guts and hustle. As a result, they are among the leaders in fewest runs allowed, not to mention the overall standings.

The White Sox are going to come on strong again, and Manager Al Lopez will have his third American League pennant since 1954.

ALLEN DOOLITTLE

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Sirs:

I have to agree with Manager Al Lopez. I think the Yankees have power, but look at the Orioles—they took three games in a row. The Yankees have pretty good pitching like Ford, Boston and Hamilton. But in the beginning of the season all the teams the Yanks faced beat them. The Yankees are just plain lucky to win.

MICHAEL MCCABE

New Britain, Conn.

TWO BELOW

Sirs:

Although your June 29 article, *Services at the Bottom of the Sea*, was a very welcome treatise on a much neglected subject, Author Coles Phumy's comparison of Navy Captain George Bond and Frenchman Jacques-Yves Cousteau appears somewhat misleading. I do not wish to minimize Bond's work with gas mixtures and varying pressures or his original thinking in the realm of underwater habitation, but they hardly merit him a rating over Cousteau as the "first pathfinder" in man's conquest of the sea.

Cousteau helped to invent the Aqua-Lung, a design so efficient that it has remained virtually unchanged since its introduction in 1944. He pioneered work in underwater photography which was eliminated by the film, *The Silent World* (winner of the Cannes Film Festival, 1956), and cooperated with

Dr. Harold Edgerton of MIT in research that gave us the cameras used to locate the *Thresher* last fall.

Cousteau's books, *The Silent World* (a bestseller for years in every major language) and *The Living Sea*, both have done more to attract public support of oceanographic endeavors than all of Bond's efforts.

JIM NALGATON

Cherry Hills, N.J.

TWO Afloat

Sirs:

As a landlocked layman, I was both fascinated and bewildered by Corry Shields's sailing lessons (*The Trick of Merib Rescue*, June 29), but also impressed. Since there is always so much talk about the design of the competing boats at America's Cup time, I had always thought—up to now—that how you sailed them was relatively unimportant. I guess I was wrong.

JOHN BROWNING

Indianapolis

Sirs:

You say the boat on the blue path, which is ahead and to windward of the other, is in control. Nonsense. Who goofed: the great Corry Shields or just a careless editor?

SANDY PETERSON

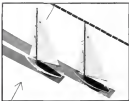
Los Angeles

● Just a careless reader. What we said was that the "blue-hulled" boat—which is on the green path, astern and to leeward of the other—is in control. The hull of the windward boat (below) is gleaming white.—ED.

WINNING JAG

Sirs:

You say that it would have been a miracle if the Ford GT car had won its Le Mans debut (*Fast Company for Ferrari*, June 29).



1937: Shortstop manager Joe Cronin chats with umpire Lou Kolls. New England Life was in its 103rd year.



Were you born in 1937?

You can accumulate thousands more than you pay for New England Life insurance. See the figures below.

The Joe Cronin of 1937 never expected to be President of the American League in 1964. The years before us are always uncertain. But cash-value life insurance is a unique means of preparing for the future while providing for the present.

The same New England Life policy you use to protect your young family can build up for you thousands of dollars more than you put in—even when dividends are assigned to increase family protection.

Say you buy a \$20,000 policy now. Then assume you use the dividends to add protection automatically through the years. (For illustration we'll apply our current dividend scale, although these scales do change from time to time.) The cash value of your policy at age 65 is \$22,851. But premium payments total only \$13,832. So all the dollars you put in and \$9,019 more can be yours at retirement. At the same time, the policy's protection value has risen from \$20,000 to \$34,651!

Here's what to do right now, whatever year you were born. Write for more complete information and tell us your birthday. We'll reply by mail and include our new DIAL-A-YEAR, which gives insurance figures plus events and personalities from 1920 through 1939. Write to: New England Life, Department 55, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02117.

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19TH HOLE

May I remind you that Jaguar in 1951 created from scratch a brand-new racing sports car, the XK 120 C (competition model), especially for Le Mans. The racing experts at that time also predicted nothing for Jaguar's first racing effort. Result? The C-Type led the field for the entire 24 hours to become the overall winner, some 90 miles ahead of the second-place car.

JIM SCOTT

Cleveland

NO-HIT PARADE

Sir,

Since I am majoring in broadcasting, I was very much interested in your fine article on Vin Scully, voice of the Dodgers (*The Trustmaster* A-1, May 4), and your note in *Scorecards* (June 15), about how different announcers handle the reporting of no-hitters. Almost everyone I have talked to likes Scully's method of calling a no-hitter a no-hitter best. By listening to him the fan knows exactly what is going on.

However, some praise should go to another announcer, Bob Prince of the Pirates, for his handling of no-hit situations. When Sandy Koufax no-hit the Phils, Prince's listeners were getting the play-by-play of two games, the Dodger-Phillie game and the Pirate game. Prince, it seemed, gave more importance to the no-hitter than he did to his own team's performance. He did the same for Jim Bunning's perfect game. To me, this is as it should be.

KEN BREIDENBEG

Eric, Pa.

OREGON TRAIL

Sirs:

You state that California is the track center of the nation (*Fast Crowd at the Tape*, June 15). We disagree. Oregon, more specifically the area around Eugene and Corvallis, is the track center of the U.S.

Granted, several large and important meets are held in California, but Oregon produces the greater number of qualified athletes. It also offers a combination of mild year-round climate, excellent coaching (Bill Bowerman, Bob Newland and Sam Bell) and great popular interest in track.

Here is a list of only a few of the great Oregon track personalities: Dnyol Burleson, Jerry Tarr, Archie San Romani Jr., Jim Grellie, Mel Restifo, Vic Reeve, Harry Jerome, Keith Forman, Dave Steen, Les Tipton, Paul Seabor, Terry Llewellyn, Bill DeLinger, Ray Van Asen, Morgan Groth, Jim Underwood, Otis Davis, Dave Blum, Mike Lehner, Clayton Steinke, Dale Storey, Ron Gortner, Gary Reddaway, Dave Deebner, Darrell Horn, Dave Edstrom and many more coming up all the time.

BOB MOORE

TOM MORROW

Eugene, Ore.

continued



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HAND-NE-DOWN SUIT-UP

Sirs,

I am a Peace Corps volunteer working in a rural redevelopment area about 30 miles from the nearest sizable town in northern Malaysia. My assignment here has been given the rather loose title of "Rural Community Development Worker."

The settlers here have all been given six acres of land on which to plant rubber trees and they are now in the process of waiting for the trees to come into tapping. This is a seven-to-eight-year wait, during which they spend their mornings working in the rubber lots and their afternoons in a kind of general loafing period with a few sporadic attempts at athletic endeavor. It is this latter area to which I have decided to direct my efforts, with the thought that "men who play together may be able to work together." This kind of team spirit means much in an underdeveloped country where the agricultural-rural people must work together to make a life for themselves as comfortable and rewarding as that of their city cousins. My problem in helping to promote it is one of money for equipment. At present these people (530 families) have to exist solely on a government subsistence payment of about 97¢ a day.

What I am wondering now is: What becomes of the uniforms of pro and college teams when they are too faded and torn to use for public appearance? And what possibility is there that my people might get some of them? While uniforms may seem a luxury to a new sports organization, I feel they are essential because they lend a unifying spirit to a team and fill a real need as these rural people whose great desire is just to "belong."

At its best, the idea could become a valuable basis of communication between an American college or pro team and a Malaysian team. It could be a real helping hand in the world of international sports.

The most popular games here are: sepak raga (a national game, with a rubber ball, similar to volleyball but no hands allowed), soccer, badminton, ping-pong, volleyball and softball. I'm working on the popularity of the latter two.

FREDERICK F. SCHMIDT

Alor Star, Kedah, Malaysia

• Donations or correspondence should be directed to Mr. Schmidt, c/o Sungai Tiang Land Development Scheme, Postal Agency, Alor Star, Kedah, Malaysia. Donors should be mindful, however, that Malaysian children and adults tend to be somewhat smaller than their American counterparts. Thus only the smaller uniform sizes will be useful—Albie Pearson's old suit, for instance, but not, alas, Frank Howard's.—ED.

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My life hung by a thread when I jumped off a cliff in Australia

1 "Looking straight down at the jagged rocks 300 feet below made jumping seem like sheer suicide," writes Keith Beljam, American friend of Canadian Club. "But my

Australian friends convinced me to try. They pointed out that the rope looped through the ring at my waist would tighten and slow my fall when they tugged at the other end.



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2 "Blessed, I leaped—and plummeted. Halfway down I expected the rescuing tug. To my horror, I continued to drop.



3 "Thirty feet from disaster, I felt the tug. The rope smoked as I coasted to a stop and slid limply down to the rocks below.



4 "Still shaken, I was glad to head for a Watson's Bay tavern with my friends for a drink of their favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—tonight.



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